



Soyuzphoto

Testing a Soviet invention in the form of a new cotton harvesting machine in Turkestan, Russian Central Asia

THE COTTON EMPIRE OF THE SOVIETS

A Growing Enterprise That Is Challenging World Attention

In keeping with its other gigantic schemes, Soviet Russia is now pushing the development of a vast cotton empire in Central Asia, where a potential cotton-growing belt of a million and a half square miles lies ready to hand, an integral part of Soviet-controlled territory.

With a fifty per cent increase in acreage under cotton in 1931, over and above the figure for the preceding year, and with better and more economical methods of cultivation now in operation, Soviet Russia looks forward to meeting the whole

of its own textile requirements in the near future and, in addition, to raising a surplus for export.

How is this remarkable feat to be achieved?

In ASIA for April a Russian-American engineer, Valentine V. Tchikoff, who has been associated for the past two years with government irrigation projects in Turkestan, will tell the story of "The Cotton Empire of the U.S.S.R.," which foreshadows a change in cotton relations between Soviet Russia and the outside world. An important article on a timely subject, which you will not wish to miss.

Whether you favor articles on economics or on unusual aspects of travel, on politics or religion, on the old world that has contributed so much to human thought and endeavor or the new one that is now supplanting it, ASIA is sure to have material that will interest you. It is human in appeal, informing in content.

TO NEW READERS ONLY—TO GET ACQUAINTED

The next 6 current issues of ASIA for \$1.00—exactly one-half price

ASIA—468 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. Please send me ASIA for the next six months. I attach my remittance for \$1.00 to cover.

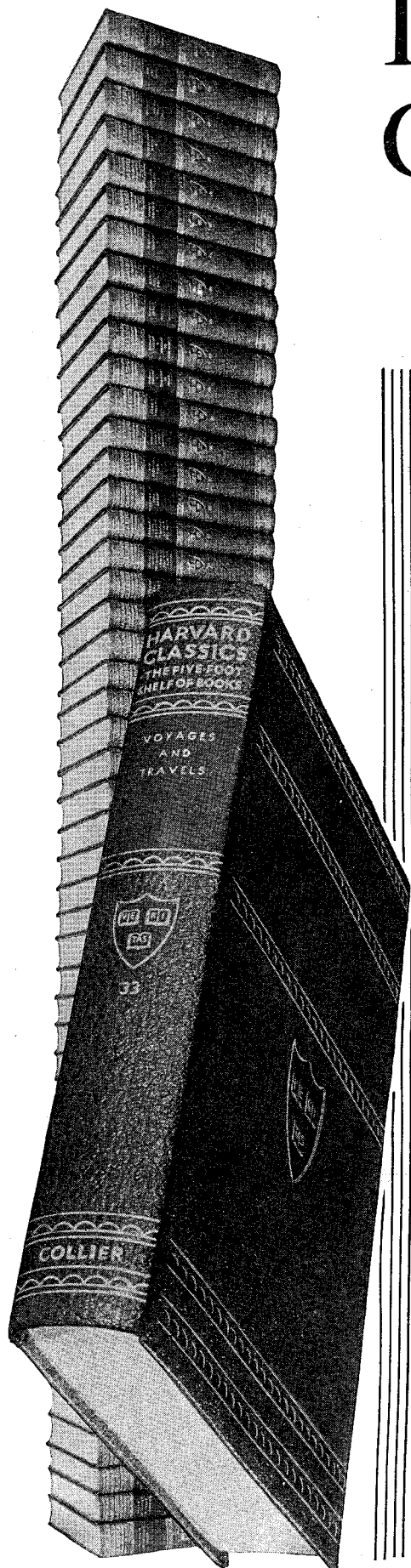
Name

Address City State

0-2-3

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

*A true story of a man who found that self-confidence
is not a matter of education or luck*



HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He is one of the men who have learned the simple secret that good reading opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. It is this broader view that inspires self-confidence. In one word it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack a classical knowledge and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" they ask.

The question has been wonderfully answered by America's greatest educator, Dr. Eliot, forty years president of Harvard. He made it a vital part of his great life work to assemble in one set the really worth-

while writings. These books place you on an equal footing with the best educated of your associates. These books are what people mean by a "literary background."

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics

The new edition of the Harvard Classics is undoubtedly the greatest book value of our times. Beautifully bound and printed, magnificently illustrated, this set matches the finest set in private libraries. Yet the cost is amazingly low. In fact, less than you pay for popular fiction.

THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY always finds a cordial welcome on library tables. Thousands of modern people have read it from cover to cover with absorbing interest. It gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. It is packed with helpful, practical information. Among its priceless features is the story of how Dr. Eliot came to compile the greatest library of all time. You really can't afford to miss this little gem of literature, especially in these times when good taste and culture are at such a premium. The book is FREE! You'll receive it at once after you fill out and mail this coupon.

P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP.
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

133-HM

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and contains Dr. Eliot's own statement of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

NAME { Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address

PRICELESS

are the voices of those we love



WHAT PRICE COULD BE SET ON THE VOICE AND LAUGHTER OF A LITTLE CHILD A THOUSAND MILES AWAY? WHAT PRICE ON THE BRIEF AND REASSURING PHRASE, "WE'RE ALL WELL"? WHAT PRICE ON A HUNDRED WORDS BETWEEN SEPARATED LOVERS?

WHAT price on a doctor's midnight directions, on the swift response of the fire department, on the relief of anxiety, the cementing of friendship, the unexpected greeting after a long silence?

What price on speed in business, on the smooth running of a household, on leisure or rest without neglect of duty, on shelter in a day of storm?

How can any one say what the telephone is worth to you? We set a value on such visible, physical things as wires, poles, switchboards, instruments, operation. We set a price on telephone service based on what it costs us to render it and to assure its continued growth.

These considerations are fairly exact. But they have little relation to the actual worth of the telephone in your home or office. That is frequently a thing of the spirit and cannot be measured in terms of money.

When you buy telephone service you buy the most nearly limitless service the world affords. Because of it you receive the thoughts and emotions of other people and express your own thoughts and emotions to them. There are no hindering handicaps of time or distance, place or circumstance. For a few pennies a day, you move out of your own little corner in the kingdom of ideas and are free to range where you will.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



▷▷ With Our Readers ◁◁



Rape in Hawaii

To the Editor:

SIR—I notice that the OUTLOOK prints in its third issue of Volume 160, which was published for sale on January 20, a quotation from Theodore Roosevelt. Namely, "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords." A few pages further in the magazine there is an article called "Violence in Hawaii." In this article United States justice is railed against and Hawaii is said to be following the flag of the United States even to her poor methods of meting out justice. I agree that at times justice is blind in the United States and seems to be in her territorial possessions; but, can it be a *man* who would look on the recent killing of one Joe Kahahawai and then say that it was not a most justified killing? If ever a person deserved a quick death, this half breed defier of godliness did.

Quoting from the above mentioned article, you state, "To say that most of us would have done the same thing is to beg the question." Isn't it begging the question to ask a person or persons to wait for blinded and strangled justice to deal out her twisted verdict? Think of the husband and mother of Mrs. T. H. Massie. Can you place yourself in their position? One the mother—the other the husband of a girl—dishonored, broken by five dirty mongrels of society. Can't you see what you would do? Can you imagine yourself sitting by and saying that you would be begging the question to act as Lieutenant Massie and Mrs. Fortescue acted?

Mrs. Fortescue should be lauded and praised for what she did. She strove to maintain the honored purity of her sex. Lieutenant Massie strove to uphold the rights of a married man. His wife was his—as is every man's wife. She was living for him. No one has the right to defile another's rights of marriage and love. I sincerely believe that God will readily forgive the action of these two.

I say, more power to Mrs. Fortescue and Lieutenant Massie! As Roosevelt said, "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords." These two people were fighting for the right and are acquitted, in my mind, of all they did.
Northfield, Minn. R. D. BROWN.

[Editor's Note—The OUTLOOK is in entire agreement with Mr. Brown both in his horror at the shocking attack on Mrs. Massie and in his sympathy for Lieutenant and Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Fortescue. Nevertheless, as stated in the editorial referred to, the OUTLOOK does not believe that they were entitled to take the law into their own hands. "To say that most of us would have done the same thing is to beg the question."]

Church vs. Crooners

To the Editor:

SIR—I wonder what sobriquet exists sweet enough to befit the mameluke of your staff whose article appears on the editorial page of the OUTLOOK for January 20, 1932, under the title, "Church vs. Vallee." If the presumed reputation of the OUTLOOK were not lending significance to this matter, the trash would be passed by the usual remark, "a *quoi bon?*"

If your writer had any sense of proportion, he would be spared his ridiculous acrobatics in an effort to indict a man of the caliber of Cardinal O'Connell. After bringing in the Church, Einstein, Vallee, Crosby, he concludes with silly questions of doubtful answer which are vulgar and offensive.

The Cardinal has only expressed, in a general way, what hundreds of men and women have expressed and what many thousands would like to express—a just resentment at the mush and slush which is wished upon us every hour, day and night, through the radio. This rubbish is prostituting the application of a beautiful invention, which would be a source of education and pleasure, if properly regulated.

It is everybody's experience that the whole gamut of the radio is sometimes for solid hours occupied

by such obnoxious nonsense as to befit an audience of idiots. We are told how to drink our coffee and which coffee, and what is the best use of carrots, or how to tie our neckties. Often it is a prurient little scene of love acted by an aggressive controbasso voice on one side and a sweet doll's sighing voice on the other, or perhaps the long cackling of a beauty shop expert who teaches our girls how they can clip and zip themselves and gyp the men and so on.

Cardinal O'Connell expresses his resentment as any self-respecting citizen would. He makes no mention of Rudy Vallee or Bing Crosby or other popular *charmeurs*. It is your heroic iconoclast that brings in these idols and hides behind their laced pantaloons. By so doing, he feels surer of his attack. At least he knows that behind him are millions of flappers and ninnies—lovely by-products of our proud civilization—who shiver with pleasure and rub knees at the crooning and whining.

I, and many with me, feel that you owe an open apology to Cardinal O'Connell, and what is more, we feel that you should thank him for bringing this issue out in the open. We also feel that you are not big enough nor liberal enough to do it.

The OUTLOOK needs to look out for similar aspersions in the future, for I am quasi-sure that at least ninety per cent of the people who subscribe to your paper do not subscribe to this sort of diatribe. If you have any doubt about this, pray submit to them for referendum this letter with your article, "Church vs. Vallee."

EGISTE BONNER.

New York City.

To the Editor:

SIR—Can't you be jealous without showing it? His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, is a Prince of the Holy Roman Catholic Church and you, well, you're just merely an editor.

To envy the extent of His Eminence's intellectual prestige and spiritual authority is neither novel nor incomprehensible, but to mouth childish, vapid and incongruous babblings, in order to cover up your own mental inadequacy, is inexcusable and unworthy of the OUTLOOK.
Leominster, Mass. M. T. SLATTERY.

[Editor's Note—The OUTLOOK is not trying to "indict" Cardinal O'Connell. We still believe, however, that in denouncing crooning His Eminence was using a sledgehammer to kill a fly.]

A Student's View of Government

To the Editor:

SIR—In your editorial for January 6 you stated the opinion that there are "no [American] students" interested enough in our country's future to be "on the barricades" in case of revolution.

I am a college student. Of course the number of students I know is very small, and those whose opinions I know may be of one "type," but if we saw a way in which our efforts, our minds, our personalities could really do anything to aid this land, to put intelligent, earnest men in office, to make the government clean and noble, we would willingly mount your barricades. We don't see any sane, effective plan that we can support. You who now are "ruling" seem powerless to better affairs. The whole nation is blinded by narrow selfishness. Any barricades of revolution which we might now mount would merely result in a shift of power from one greedy, pig-blind profiteer to another. Show us some scheme that will make men unselfish, eager to better the whole of their kind—and all other kinds—and you may find it difficult to stem the tide to your barricades.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

ELVA HUNTING.

Sex in Fiction

To the Editor:

SIR—The article, "Virgins on the Shelf," attracted my attention. I should like to give two causes for the reading of highly sexed "literature" by women which I think the author overlooks or underestimates. For many years I have been teaching sex hygiene very frankly to varied groups, high school girls, flappers of the sophisticated type, older mothers, young married women of a modern and openminded set. One factor always stands out before me—the startling ignorance of almost all women

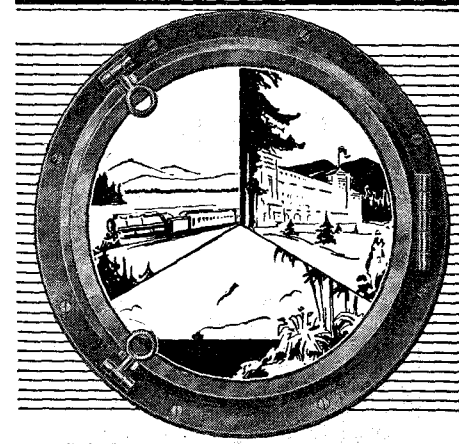


◁◁ TRAVEL

◁◁ SUGGESTIONS

◁◁ AND INFORMATION FOR

◁◁ OUTLOOK ▷▷ READERS



ALASKA

The journey to Alaska by steamer is one of nearly a thousand miles, through scenery unknown elsewhere on the continent. ◁ Beautiful gardens everywhere, with masses of color, contradict the idea that it is always winter in Alaska. ◁ The warm Japan current, striking Vancouver Island, deflected northward, carries to the land of the Midnight Sun the same delightful mild climate that the Pacific Coast knows. ◁ But in winter, over the White Pass, how cold it can be! Ketchikan . . . Wrangell . . . Juneau . . . Skagway . . . White Horse . . . The Yukon . . . Taku Glacier . . . Llewellyn Glacier . . . Atlin Lake . . . Lynn Canal . . . are a few of the sights to see on this delightful trip. ◁ If you are interested in a trip to Alaska in combination with your trip to the National Parks or the West Coast this summer write us and let us quote rates and suggest the services operating to Alaska.

Our service is *Gratis*

◁ OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK



about sex. It has been estimated that ninety-seven per cent of married women have failed—lacking in most cases intelligent cooperation from their husbands—to find in their sex life that mutual satisfaction and enjoyment which should be theirs. With deep instincts starved for expression, too many of the ninety-seven per cent are trying to get their sex stimulation and thrills from the overdone sex novels and stories. I doubt if the happy, adjusted three per cent ever wastes a moment on that type of reading matter!

Then there is another group of readers, I believe, composed of unmarried girls—many of them imitating ways so sophisticated that no man could possibly believe the depths of their ignorance of sex. Yet the girls realize their ignorance of hundreds of details and they want knowledge. The right information could be given to the nth degree if they knew where to go, or knew what pamphlets to buy, or had the courage to ask, but instead they grasp at sex stories hoping in the mire to find the facts they want to know.

When girls have the right sex knowledge from the right sources, and married women find not exploitation but mutuality in their sex life, the "virgin novels" will lose their appeal.

Buffalo, N. Y.

MAUD A. REID.

What This Country Needs

To the Editor:

SIR—I have just read James W. Poling's article, "Virgins on the Shelf," and he makes me mad. I would like to enquire as mildly as possible what his purpose is in degrading the increasingly popular sex novels without going to the trouble of making some satisfactory substitutions in reading material. Obviously enough, he thinks that something should be done about it, but thinks the fault lies entirely with the publisher. If one critic after another hadn't gone ga-ga over such mush, and brought them prominently before the public, just how would the publishers have had such a good streak of luck? Mr. Poling decries the trend of the reading public and doesn't exert himself to suggest any other reading material and we get no idea that he has read anything else himself—and to top it all off, he quotes a message from *Candida*! Surely some more venerable author has said the equivalent to "we must cultivate our garden." Mr. Poling might well choke on something besides weeds.

There are plenty of good books on the market with which readers would do well to acquaint themselves, for instance those selected by the Book-of-the-Month-Club, but it seems to me that even they do not give satisfaction. So many of them give the readers such a depressed and morbid feeling that they feel tempted to go out and look for a bridge from which to take the fatal leap. In my estimation, what the reading public of today needs is more excruciatingly funny stories that will bring forth the side-splitting chuckles that are the best worry medicine for the ailing conditions now prevalent. If Mr. Poling can suggest any such books, this reader thinks it would be a redeeming feature if he would call attention to them and advance more of them instead of leading the reader of his article in a frantic to "get hold" of some of those sexy novels and "read up" on them.

Louder and funnier—bring in the laughter.

(MISS) BEATRICE PAINTON.

Amarillo, Texas

CONTENTS

for MARCH

VOL. 160—No. 6

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

—Theodore Roosevelt

COMMENT

Cover by H. H. Knight

The Trend of Events 165

Noble in Motive 169

Backstage in Washington 170

ARTICLES

Japan—Conqueror of Asia? 172

Commander J. M. Kenworthy

Why Women Want to Be Weaker 175

Lillian Lee

Tanya Craves a Ford 177

Lorine Pruette

I Lost My Job 180

Anonymous

You Get More Money 182

Don Wharton

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 186

Theatre 188

Movies 188

Books 190

Music 194

Ivory, Apes & Peacocks 195

From the Life 196



Outlook, March, 1932. Volume 160. Number 6. Published monthly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, New York. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan; Sec'y William T. Adeo. Subscription price \$1.50 a year. (Foreign postage 50c. Canadian 25c.) Single copies 15 cents each. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the post office at New York, New York, and July 20, 1928, at the post office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by the Outlook Co. Outlook and Independent combined with Outlook.

Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelopes will be returned. The editors will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to the editor. The contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.



Industrial Responsibility

To the Editor:

SIR—It was with great satisfaction and hope for the future, that I read your very able, in brief, "exhortation" (for that is what it really is) entitled, "Are Our Industrial Overlords Guilty?" Although the article covered over three pages, it is, as you admitted, too brief to do justice to the subject. Keep at it.

Highland Park, Ill. G. F. HOLLINGSWORTH.

How Bright Is Your Child?

To the Editor:

SIR—I have just read Haydn S. Pearson's article, "The Ballyhoo of Education." Like the author, I cannot but feel sorry for the "poor little rich parents" who get taken in by the cant phrases used in praising private schools, but is he looking clearly at facts when he so emphatically condemns intelligence tests.

Is it not more honest for principals to tell the parents what their child's actual ability is than to drive him to tasks for which he is mentally unsuited, than making the child wretchedly unhappy, and running the possibility of developing an inferiority complex.

As for the author's objections to the artificial segregation in schools according to the student's intelligence quotient, it does not take a student of psychology to see how wrong his objections are. It is true that competition is a necessary incentive to efficient school work, but why make a student compete with those who are much his superior in ability? The mental effect will almost without exception be devastating. By segregation, though, the so-called "dull" students can be given the extra coaching they require without developing a feeling of inferiority.

Quoting the author, "The purpose of education is to prepare boys and girls for a happy, purposeful life." Intelligence tests seem to me to be the greatest aid yet discovered to help in the fulfillment of this aim, and the only possible objection that could be raised is that intelligence tests and the uses to which they may be put are a very recent discovery and have not as yet had time to be fully developed.

Toronto, Can.

FRANCES SCHWARTZ.

Al Smith as Candidate

To the Editor:

SIR—Al Smith's statement has been interpreted in many different ways. If we read carefully what he says, then it appears to me, that we must put the following construction on it. (1) In plain language he says that he is leader of the Democratic party in virtue of the action of the 1928 convention. (2) He is not a candidate for President, but if the convention after careful consideration should deem him the strongest candidate to lead the party to victory he will make the fight. This is a frank and candid statement. His objective is the welfare of the Democratic party. (3) He is not opposed to Roosevelt. By his statement he is paving the way so that he can gracefully and with honor support Roosevelt if he goes into the convention the strongest candidate. Smith understands the psychology of practical politics. He has his ear to the ground, and his knowledge of the philosophy of American politics he will use in due time for the good of the Democratic party. He is not out to ruin but to save the Democratic party so that it can render good service to the American people.

C. W. JOHNSON.

Beresford, S. D.

OUTLOOK



MARCH

►► The Trend of Events ◄◄

TO EVERYBODY in this country the changed conditions of the last two years and a half still pose the question, "How Can I Make a Living?" Those out of jobs find themselves in the position of the old Southern darky retainer, who was finally discharged for persistently outrageous behavior. "I know I've fired," he said plaintively, "but whar's I to go? Dis yere's my home." Those who still have jobs or businesses wonder how long they are going to last and what can be done to ensure their continuance. Walter Lippmann, among others, says the depression will not really lift until people forget the past and look to the future.

The trouble is that the claims of the past are precisely what are worrying everybody. The stability of business rests on their orderly payment. Chaos threatens if they are either repudiated or their immediate payment pressed for. Time has become the essence of our necessity. Confidence in ourselves and therefore in others has become of prime value. Once this is recognized by everybody, and the weak, the frightened and the cowardly are persuaded that it is to their own interest not to rock the boat, a course for the future may safely be set.

Meanwhile how are the boys in Washington making out at the steersman's job? The loss and expense of prohibition aside, is there in fact anything the government can do for us which we cannot do for ourselves? And is the government doing it?

►► Our Changed Washington

WELL, for one thing, each day of the present session of Congress brings added proof that there has been a real change in Washington's attitude toward the problem itself. The change is obvious

once one examines the doings in the Capitol and White House today in light of what went on during the first and second sessions of Congress after the beginning of the depression. In the first of these, the session convening in December, 1929, Congress and Mr. Hoover practically ignored the depression, held that it was but a temporary and peculiarly American phenomenon and on that theory wrote the ignorant Hawley-Smoot tariff. Much the same attitude prevailed during the second session, that of the winter of 1930-31. There was some little concern about the depression but practically no action. Save for a few exceptions, such as Senator Wagner, Congressmen as well as Administration leaders continued to feed heartily upon their doctrine of *laissez faire*.

It is a different air which Washington breathes today, an atmosphere charged with reconstruction measures—the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, the Glass-Steagall bill to enable banks to borrow more easily from the Federal Reserve System, and other measures, among them those to extend our system of farm loan banks and to set up a new system of home loan banks. The change in Washington is attributed, on the one hand, to the fact that this is an election year, and, on the other, to the fact that the present Congress was elected after and not before the Wall Street crash.

There is another fact, generally overlooked: Mr. Hoover's moratorium pronouncements last summer raised hopes so high that when blasted in the fall they turned into demands that Washington do something about the depression. But whatever the explanation, the fact—the happy fact—is that Washington has changed. Government is facing its responsibilities. Government is realizing that it can and must do something about our situation.

►► Half and Half

MUCH of the confusion both in and out of Washington concerning what can be done and what is being done arises from a failure to distinguish between measures designed to prevent the depression from getting worse, and measures designed to provide relief for its victims. For instance, it is one thing to set up an organization to relieve the current strain on our banks and thus to prevent business from coming to a halt. It is an entirely different thing to provide relief for people who are without work and food. Much significance lies in the fact that the measures which have the Administration's approval fall without notable exception into the first category. Thus, with Democratic support, no time was lost in creating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in backing the Glass-Steagall bill and in clearing the way for both the new home loan system and an extension to the old farm loan system. Each of these measures appears to be economically sound; their common objective is to shorten the duration of the depression and to keep it from becoming more intense, from turning into disastrous panic. Since the R.F.C. may itself end hoarding there can be no objection to the Administration's brawling drive against it.



But the Administration, busy at oiling our banking machinery, has so far steadfastly ignored the needy themselves. In Congress there are a group of men—mostly Democrats and insurgent Republicans—who realized months ago that whether economically palatable or not Federal relief was going to be necessary because private relief was inadequate and State relief uncertain. They would have had no difficulty in providing relief, swift and certain, had aid and comfort been forthcoming from the White House. Instead, the Administration has whispered of “the dole” and blocked them at every turn. In the testing hour in the Senate the Old Guard Republicans and a block of Southern Democrats defeated the Costigan-La Follette bill to authorize the expenditure of \$750,000,000 for the jobless, through charitable agencies and road building. Thus, as far as human relief is concerned, Washington still clings to the antiquated doctrine of do-nothing. Apparently the majority in Congress has never read James Stephens’ story, “Hunger.” So far, they have considered the claims of the business man. They have rejected those of the starving.

►►Reducing Wages

WHILE government has begun an effort to aid industry, industry itself has ended an effort to keep up wages. If this fact was clouded during 1931 it is as clear as crystal today. The entire movement away from 1929 wage levels has in a way been climaxed—not ended, though—in the 10 per cent wage reduction agreement signed by the Class I railroads and the standard railroad unions. Look where one will today—to printing establishments and coal fields, to Pullman cars and airlines, to building trades and so on—and one will see that wages have been or are about to be reduced.

This was inevitable, save for a few favored industries. The end of our period of increasing wealth, the decline in profits, the exigencies of depression and its cycles—these factors spelled wage reductions at the very moment when Mr. Hoover was pronouncing that “wages and therefore consuming power shall not be reduced.” And yet who can chide Mr. Hoover for the failure of his effort to keep wages up without chiding those false prophets who declared that prosperity would be restored once wages started down? The fact is that Adam Smith was right when he wrote *The Wealth of Nations*. It was, he said, the continued increase of the national wealth—“the increase of revenue and stock”—

which made wages rise. It is now the continued decrease of the national wealth which makes them fall.

►►Our Road to Ruin

WHERE tariffs are concerned the enlightened and disinterested observer must indeed believe that the world is stepping backwards. Looking over the past two decades he sees a military war followed not by any real peace but by a more bitter economic war whose tariffs destroy industries with the deadly accuracy of French 75’s. Looking over the past two years he sees nations injured by their own high tariffs yet resolutely refusing to tear them down, obstinately building them



SENATOR GLASS

higher and higher. Here, with but two months of the new year gone, he looks to Europe again, and what does he see? Holland and Sweden raising their tariffs, France employing a quota system to strengthen hers, and England—England, the home of free trade—piling up new tariffs, one on top of another.

The picture in America is equally distressing. The politicians who started world-wide tariff retaliation with their Hawley-Smoot bill are by no means repentant. President Hoover has been talking of internationalism but his is lip-service and nothing more. He and his Smoot and Watsons block the way to tariff revision. The Democratic tariff bill looking to that objective could have sailed to success had it had one word of favor from Mr. Hoover. Characteristically he was silent save for an occasional snort about buying at home. The only hope for tariff revision lies in the elections this fall; yet even if a low-tariff Congress and a low-tariff President are elected

they cannot start reciprocal tariff negotiations until after March, 1933.

As we see it, the essence of the tariff situation is this: in the development of world-wide trade and commerce which requires that nations turn to economic internationalism they are clinging to an outmoded doctrine of economic nationalism, clinging to it despite the advice of practically every economist. This economic nationalism doesn’t even profit the individual nation, yet it is gaining popularity on every hand. Tariffs which have brought grief to one nation are blindly imitated by another. A Senator foretells the profits to come from a Smoot-Hawley tariff—as Senator Watson did in 1930—and the world listens. But let an economist talk of the actual advantages to come from a relatively unrestricted trade and he will be talking to himself.

►►Shanghai

APPROPRIATIONS by Japan to pay for the unfortunate Shanghai adventure, including preliminary costs to the end of March, total \$21,000,000. Japanese trade with China is \$130,000,000 annually, a figure which the boycott reduced last year to, roughly, \$84,000,000. Viewed strictly from the standpoint of the balance sheet, how can the Japs justify so great a military expenditure for so small a commercial business? The answer is, they can’t. As Commander Kenworthy points out in his article in this issue, the adventure is not strictly a commercial one. The modern Samurai are not thumbing their noses at liberal opinion in Japan in order to fight for dollars and cents. Hoping first to take Manchuria and second to make the Chinese like it, they find that the second half of the job is leading them into a war of conquest, to which apparently they have never been averse.

Exact blame for the original outbreak in Shanghai, on January 26th, the League of Nations reports it is impossible to apportion. What is indisputable is that Japan’s naval forces set out to occupy and destroy the headquarters of the anti-Japanese association in Shanghai, outside the International Settlement. Chinese troops opposed this action. Result: Airplane bombings, rifle and machine-gun fire, sand-bag trenches, murdered civilians, dead and wounded soldiers on both sides. In short, miniature war; with more and more Jap bluejackets landing, warships battering the Woosung forts, China rushing her now famous 19th Route army to the scene, divisions of infantry arriving from Japan, Chinese reinforcements

coming from Nanking and the south; and at last, on February 19, what seems to be a major offensive and real war.

As in the Manchurian prelude, the Japanese have accompanied their military actions at Shanghai with diplomatic and consular assurances which usually have been reduced to nonsense by the time the sun rose next morning. Probably for realistic reasons, military action and diplomatic assurances have been totally divorced. In addition, Japan has used her sector of the International Settlement as a base for military operations, thereby making international complications possible or even probable. Meanwhile, French, American, British and Italian forces have poured into Shanghai. This country has backed up her oral protests by sending warships to protect American citizens and interests. Japanese tentative proposals to create more international zones in China—in fact to begin the partition of the country—have been met by American refusal. And Italy, France and Great Britain have joined us in pledging common action against any dangers which may arise to the citizens of these four powers. Throughout, China has repeatedly appealed to the League. Japan has as repeatedly fended off outside interference; and a war, broken by intermittent truces, is temporarily a fact.

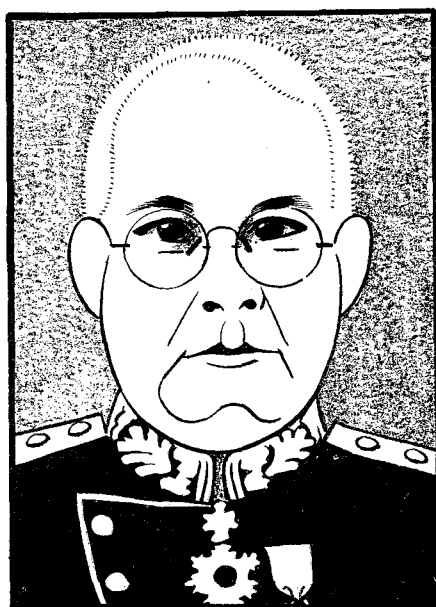
►► Our Stake

PUTTING the League to one side, what are our interests in the row? At first glance they are greater than Japan's herself. Our Chinese trade, ordinarily some 190 millions a year, is bigger than Japan's by some \$60,000,000 annually. During this last year China was the only country on the globe which bought more from us rather than less. Our total business investments crowd the \$150,000,000 mark. Missionary interests aside—and they total 4,000 human beings and \$70,000,000 worth of property—China is one of the biggest potential customers in our international market. American gun boats patrol the Yangtze River. Nearly forty naval vessels are always in Chinese waters. American marines are at Tientsing, Peiping and Shanghai. In fact, the 31st Regiment has never been home since the day it was formed. These immediate commercial interests, it is true, do not conflict with those of Japan, and they are obviously not important enough by themselves to make us engage in a life and death struggle with Nippon. Yet they possess a potential value which make them decidedly worth considering, as every Administration has agreed since John Hay first insisted on

the Open Door. More potent than any such considerations, from the standpoint of our being involved in a Far Eastern war, is the sentimental sympathy for China obviously current in our people, the resultant feeling against Japan, and the possibility of some untoward incident, like the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor, setting these emotions alight. Peace societies to the contrary, an unnecessary war can bear down upon us from Asia more quickly than we like to think.

►► Peace—at Geneva

WHEN, on February 2, the League of Nations postponed the opening of the dis-



ADMIRAL NOMURA

armament conference an hour to consider the situation in China, there was little more to be said about the paradox between the peace meeting in Geneva and the simultaneous war in Shanghai. One of the most amusing comments on the contrast was made by the Russian army newspaper, the *Red Star*, which on February 3 printed a cartoon showing a Chinese city reduced to ruins. Entitled "In Honor of the Disarmament Conference," it bore a footnote reading, "Artillery Salute in Shanghai and Nanking."

Correctly viewed, however, the paradox was less amusing than pathetic. For the fact is that, in the words of Sir John Simon, British delegate, the failure of the Arms Conference "means nothing short of unmeasured and immeasurable calamity."

During the first few weeks of its sessions, the conference got nowhere. True, the principal powers all mentioned the directions in which they believed it

should advance, but it did not advance. Not only were their programs dissimilar; they were, if not irreconcilable, miles apart. At one extreme stood Russia, advocating total disarmament, though willing to take something less. At the other extreme stood France, advocating a world police force, empowered to requisition the heavy armaments of all nations, to keep the peace. In between the two extremes stood the rest of the powers, advocating the limitation of land or sea forces and the renunciation of certain armaments—heavy artillery, aircraft carriers and so on—primarily designed for attack. At the very center stood Germany, not much interested in reduction but very much interested in equality of armaments.

The French proposals were, of course, in the interest of "French security," the phrase constituting the essential issue of the Arms Conference, as our readers were long ago assured that it would. The prospects that the issue will be squarely met or that appreciable reduction will be achieved irrespective of it, remain exceedingly gloomy. After all, the powers which, save for steps to protect their nationals, have been loath to do anything effective to discourage war in the Orient are—precisely those which are discussing peace at Geneva. The peace project is hardly in the house of enthusiastic friends.

►► Obstacle Race

THE contest for the Democratic presidential nomination may well be regarded as an obstacle race, which began months back and is still going on. On the sidelines stand the Democratic spectators, beside themselves with excitement. Among them are many Republicans, criticizing the form of the favorites, shouting "May the worst man win!" and growing ever more hopeful.

The outstanding entries as the race started were Newton D. Baker and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Before them loomed the first obstacle—both had advocated adherence to the League of Nations. Mr. Baker vaulted this neatly, declaring late in January that "the question of America's joining the League is at present not a matter in the field of practical political discussion . . . I think that we will go into the League some day, and I think we ought to, but I don't think we should take that action until the people of the United States . . . study its action enough to be fully satisfied as to the wisdom of such a course."

Mr. Roosevelt chose to clear the League obstacle with a high back-flop.

Because the League has degenerated into "a mere meeting place for the political discussion of strictly European political national difficulties," because members have not "shown a disposition to divert the huge sums spent on armament into the channels of legitimate trade," our participation, he said, "would not serve the highest purpose of the prevention of war and a settlement of international difficulties in accordance with fundamental American ideals."

When Mr. Baker had cleared the first obstacle he took a little time out. Mr. Roosevelt, however, ran on to his second obstacle—the East's suspicion of his wetness. On February 5 he leaped it by announcing that he still stood for revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, as he said in September, 1930. Not counting minor barriers growing from Republican investigation first of the New York city and now of the New York state government, only one obstacle remained in his path. It was labelled Al Smith. Unhappily, just when Mr. Roosevelt had almost forgotten its existence, it rose up suddenly and bowled him over.

►►Smith Statement

ON FEBRUARY 7 Mr. Smith announced that he would neither support nor oppose any Democratic candidate and that, while he would not make a pre-convention campaign for delegates, "If the Democratic national convention after careful consideration should decide that it wants me to lead I will make the fight."

Recovering from his collision with this statement, Mr. Roosevelt picked himself up and examined his bruises. At this distance they look serious but not necessarily fatal. Some onlookers, however, are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will be unable to surmount the Smith barrier and that Mr. Baker therefore will win the nomination. Others foresee defeat for both Roosevelt and Baker and victory for one of the favorite sons, perhaps Speaker Garner of Texas. Still others see Roosevelt as badly battered now, but expect him to recover strength in the forthcoming Democratic primaries. Others have no opinion about the winner, but fear that, religious prejudices and all, the remainder of this race for the nomination will resemble the 1928 race for the election.

Only one thing is clear beyond argument. The developments in the Democratic race thus far have satisfied every one who hopes for the demoralization of the Democratic party and the reelection of Mr. Hoover. As for those who hope

for a more alert, resourceful and liberal President than Mr. Hoover, they must view these developments with chagrin.

►►An Ideal Appointment

NEEDLESS to say, the OUTLOOK is highly gratified by the appointment of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, to succeed Oliver Wendell Holmes as Justice of the United States Supreme Court. By reason of his learning, his liberalism, his humanity and his eager experimental spirit, Judge Cardozo, as we have previously pointed out, will make Justice Holmes' ideal successor. He will add both bril-



NEWTON D. BAKER

liance and strength to the court's newly formed liberal majority. We predict that the country will have cause to congratulate itself on this appointment for many years to come.

►►Anti-Crime Plan

IF KIDNAPPING, the latest fad of the underworld, becomes any more prevalent, it will not be the fault of Frank J. Loesch, president of the Chicago Crime Commission. Mr. Loesch has a plan to stop it. He advocates a secret interstate organization of business men and other citizens to have the suppression of kidnapping and the prosecution of kidnappers as their single object. "It will take time, silent work, money and much patience," says Mr. Loesch, "but the end will be the success of the law in wiping out the criminal organization. We must adopt the necessary measures to save ourselves."

It sounds like an excellent idea. By all means let the citizens, in dead secret, organize with passwords, disguises and

codes. Let them track down villainous kidnappers with a Hist! Psst! and a bundle of marked bills placed in a hollow oak tree at the stroke of midnight. The whole thing sounds highly diverting. So much so, in fact, that Mr. Loesch's plan calls for drastic extension. Why should citizens secretly organize against kidnapping alone? Why shouldn't they also form a secret organization to combat racketeering, another to combat bank robberies, a third to combat shoplifting and so on? Why shouldn't they form a separate organization to deal with each form of crime known to the underworld? Just think how much fun they would have. And just think how many policemen and detectives would be freed for the prevention of illegal parking.

►►In Brief

NOTE to Governor Roosevelt: Did you notice how Smith coined the word "block-aider" to describe New York City charity workers? Shows how his mind runs The Association of Lame Duck Editorial Writers has sent a protest to Congress against the adoption of the lame-duck amendment to the Constitution, declaring that it leaves them nothing to advocate More than one true friend of the common people flatly denies that they have been hoarding money, dismissing the charge as mere flattery Will Hays declares that motion-picture audiences have become increasingly intelligent. Example of increasing intelligence: The producers of *The Man I Killed* announce that owing to public demand the title has been changed to *Broken Lullaby* It was on February 10 that Japanese delegates at the Geneva arms conference proposed that bombardments from the air be prohibited. The proposal was read with great interest by the surviving residents of Chapei Our candidate for the next Nobel peace prize—Admiral Uematsu, author of the deathless statement: "I am of the opinion that the Japanese Navy is working for the upholding of human civilization and bringing happiness to the Chinese masses" Why do Republican editors who denounced the badly defeated Al Smith in 1928 now intimate that he is the man for the Democrats to nominate in 1932? Or are we just being naïve? Note for department of more or less plausible rumors: The New York Herald Tribune's "Added to these items yesterday was heavy buying in the Chicago district, due to rumors that an important new source of revenue would be made available soon through abandonment of the prohibition experiment."

⇒ Noble in Motive ⇐

Our Progress Toward Sobriety

ATLANTA—The Presidents' Club of Atlanta is informed that the sixth "easiest hit" industry in America is bootlegging.

DETROIT—Three wearers of tin badges are arrested on suspicion of using them to shake down blind-pig operators.

WASHINGTON—Chairman O'Connor of the Shipping Board testifies that most American ships operate bars only to lose trade because it is kept a secret.

PHILADELPHIA—Police raid a club, let a hundred customers escape through windows, arrest ninety-eight others, summon six patrol wagons and confiscate a half barrel of beer.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Drinking of an anti-freeze solution causes nine deaths.

HINESVILLE, GA.—Sheriff Clark of Liberty County is reelected following his conviction in Federal Court of conspiracy to aid liquor runners.

WASHINGTON—Coach Yost of Michigan University denies that there is any drink problem among candidates for his athletic teams.

BOSTON—A British power boat is captured with 1,200 sacks of liquor aboard.

LONDON—A British chemist claims that he has perfected a solidified whisky acceptable for import into the United States.

WASHINGTON—Senator Jones of Washington introduces a bill in Congress to prohibit military or naval manœuvres in states without laws for concurrent enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA—Alaskans want to know in what way Bishop Cannon is qualified to speak, as he has, on the Alaskan legislature's memorial to Congress for the repeal of the territory's bone-dry act.

NEW YORK—Long-hatched plans to start a dry newspaper are suspended because of "business conditions."

PHILADELPHIA — The speedboat Imp, riddled by 49 one-pound shells and 700 machine-gun bullets, is captured with liquor aboard.

PHILADELPHIA — A patrolman is convicted of perjury for making a false affidavit on which a warrant was issued to search a dwelling for liquor.

HANOVER, N. H.—Five drunken revelers destroy snow sculptures, pride of Dartmouth College's winter carnival.

GALESVILLE, WIS.—A Trempealeau County druggist reports that a local Indian buys cough syrup by the dozen.

NEW YORK—Chief Medical Examiner Norris reports 795 deaths in 1931 attributable to alcohol—100 more than in 1930.

WASHINGTON—Congress hears bills aimed to prohibit "booze cruises" and cruises to nowhere.

NEW YORK—Dr. Poling of the Allied Campaigners for Prohibition declares that he has "a downright belief that a majority of the voters are with us for the Eighteenth Amendment."

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—A large Jamaica rum establishment receives a letter from an American business man desiring the agency for a particular brand of rum in case the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

WASHINGTON—William G. McAdoo proposes a 100 per cent tax on bootleggers' incomes which, he says, amount to \$1,000,000,000 a year.

YORK, PA.—A bibulous youth attacks and floors a wooden Indian.

CHICAGO—Former-President Bevan of the American Medical Association declares that 90 per cent of the whisky prescriptions issued by doctors are for beverage rather than medicinal purposes and that: "Of the 160,000 medical men in the United States at least 80,000 have an annual income of \$2,500 or considerably less. A doctor is allowed 400 prescriptions a year at \$3 apiece. It is a terrific temptation for a man making \$2,000 a year to have an opportunity to make \$1,200 extra. Any rich man in Chicago today can buy a case, that is, twenty-four pints, of whisky at the corner drugstore for from \$150 to \$165 a case. That is made possible by three factors, the bootlegging druggist, the bootlegging doctor and the bootlegger. The druggist buys it at about \$40 a case. One doctor, or several doctors, furnish the prescriptions at \$3 apiece, or a total of \$72. That makes \$112. The bootlegger and the druggist split the rest."

BALTIMORE — The entire laboring crew at Fort McHenry prohibition headquarters works from dusk to dead of night, acetylene torches and all, in an effort to destroy a raided still.

CHARLEROI, PA.—A windstorm, legally an act of God, unroofs a barn and disinters an eighth of Monogahela Rye—two gallons sealed and bonded in 1911.

CHICAGO — Three policemen are found guilty of impersonating prohibition agents in shaking down a still owner; bail is denied pending appeal because the judge feared the three would be allowed to remain on duty as policemen.

Remarkable Remarks

A presidential campaign is our regular period of large promises to sufferers of all kinds.—HERBERT HOOVER.

I don't think of these times as depression. Instead of a great big boom, what we've got now is a small boom.—AL JOLSON.

If prosperity is not just around the corner, it really is just around the second corner.—ELY CULBERTSON.

The average American is not the man he was three years ago.—GERALD W. JOHNSON.

A speculator becomes an investor when the price does not go up and he holds on.—CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

Prohibition has done more to clean up politics than anything in the past century.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

I've always been interested in fashions for ladies. In fact, I think they're decidedly more important right now than the Manchurian situation.—AMBASSADOR KATSUJI DEBUCHI.

War is not pleasant.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The failures of the motion picture industry should be attributed to writing racketeers, uninformed newspaper correspondents and Wall Street financiers and not to the producers themselves.—SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

I am sick of motion-picture knockers. Motion-picture people here in Hollywood do not realize what consistently good entertainment they are sending out to the world.—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

The names of the Winners of the last Remarkable Remarks contest appear above. Beginning with the April issue of the OUTLOOK the Remarkable Remarks competition will be omitted.

M. L. Richie, 15 Jefferson Ave., Danbury, Conn., \$5 prize.

Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., \$2 prize.

Virginia S. Watson, 2756 N. Cramer St., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$2 prize.

R. P. Santen, 15 Fairfax Place, Utica, N. Y., \$2 prize.

L. Sweetland, Box No. 100, Charlestown, Mass., \$2 prize.

J. Philip Howard, Hubbardston, Mass., \$2 prize.

Mrs. H. Gehrke, 102 E. Stoughton St., Champaign, Ill., \$2 prize.

M. F. Loewenstein, Dunster House, Cambridge, Mass., \$2 prize.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., \$2 prize.

J. M. Fosdick, 316 N. Myrtle Ave., Monrovia, Calif., \$2.

▷▷ Backstage in Washington ◁◁

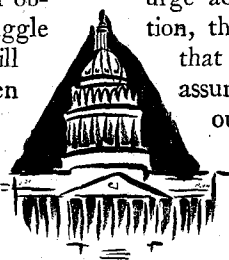
WASHINGTON, D. C. **W**E HAVE, of late, had exceptional opportunity for observing the gradual degeneration of an able, forceful and decisive man into a candidate for a presidential nomination. We have watched him evade or avoid great issues up for settlement and we have seen him bow to public clamor rather than subject certain economic proposals of dubious value to careful scrutiny. We have seen him permit the Democratic majority in the House, to the regret of more liberal colleagues, to become a mere annex to the White House and, indeed, force his fellows to refrain from advancing a definite legislative program to meet present-day needs. Although, we understand, he has little sympathy with the various economic panaceas proposed by President Hoover, regarding them as "shots in the arm," he has rushed them through to legislative enactment even though it required invoking the extremely undemocratic system of gag rule.

We refer, of course, to Speaker John Nance Garner of Texas. He has been a changed man since William Randolph Hearst first advanced him as a rival to Mr. Hoover. Though he has given no sign that his hat is in the ring, Mr. Garner has, almost overnight, shown that he takes his candidacy seriously. In his conduct of the House, as well as in his demeanour, there is every evidence that he thinks he has a chance to be nominated and, since the prospects are bright for Democratic victory, to be elected. We know of many keen political observers who predict that the struggle at the Democratic convention will resolve itself into a duel between Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York and Speaker Garner. They may be correct, and it may be because "Happy Jack" agrees with them that he is treading political water so carefully these days.

Whatever the reason, it is a fact that the Democrats in the House are a sorry lot these days. Instead of bringing forth their own economic program, as Mr. Garner promised before the session opened, they are simply waiting upon proposals from the White House. The Speaker, more conservative now than ever before, takes good care that no Democrat shall expound liberal or radical doctrine on the floor. He has already had several spats with floor leader Henry T. Rainey, we hear, in which the Speaker impressed upon the

liberal Illinoisan that he must be more temperate in expressing his views. He has, too, intervened to prevent committees from bringing out measures which might antagonize important and conservative interests. In facilitating passage of the Glass-Steagall Emergency Banking Bill the Speaker resorted to a form of gag rule which he always condemned when the G. O. P. controlled the House. This legislation, which Secretary Ogden L. Mills described as "the most important in thirty years," was debated for only three hours and passed without as much consideration as is given to bills increasing Civil War pensions by \$12 a month. As a result there is sign of revolt in the cloakrooms and corridors, although we predict it will come to nothing in view of the general Democratic desire to sit quietly in the political boat lest it capsize before November.

It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Garner, however. Besides being a presidential candidate he is responsible for whatever the House does. If it makes a record which the country deems satisfactory it may redound to the credit of the Democratic party, although Mr. Garner's critics insist that his acceptance of all the Hoover measures may help to reelect the President. However that may be, it is a fact that the Speaker cannot be as liberal as senatorial members of the Democratic policy committee would like him to be. When Messrs. Harrison and Wagner from the other chamber urge advancement of liberal legisla-



tion, they do it with the knowledge that a Republican Senate must assume some responsibility for the outcome. But "Jack" has a more direct responsibility. Indeed, we understand he feels that upon his shoulders rests the future of the party, not to mention his own presidential candidacy, in next November's elections. One misstep by the House Democrats, in the Speaker's opinion, and it will furnish the G. O. P. with sufficient ammunition to blow up the whole Democratic party. So maybe "Jack" has the right idea, at least from the standpoint of practical politics.

Mr. Garner has another alibi, perhaps an even more effective one. He points out that it is nonsensical for the Democrats to trot out their own program on economic reconstruction, on the tariff and on similar problems so long as a Republican President sits at the other

end of the avenue with a veto club dangling in his hand. Rightly or wrongly, the country demanded quick action on the Administration's several economic measures and for the Democrats to hold them up while preparing a counter-program, Mr. Garner contends, would be as silly as it would have been for the Republicans to advance their own program for making war back in 1917.

MOREOVER, Mr. Hoover has his enemies where he wants them. There was nothing like unanimity on Capitol Hill with respect to the merits of the \$2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Corporation, the Glass-Steagall measure for revising the Federal Reserve Act, the Home Loan Banking Bill and other suggestions designed to drag us out of depression. Cloakroom conversation reflects a great deal of skepticism as to their eventual effect. One prominent senator characterizes them as "shots in the arm" which may stimulate but not cure. Another refers to them as "the schemes of a master-promoter." A large group insists that they were dictated by Wall Street. Indeed, if members of both Houses dared to express their true feelings in their ballots, it is doubtful if some of these measures would have commanded a majority. But, like Speaker Garner, few had the courage to rise up and stand in the way of any measure which, at this writing, may or may not contribute to some sort of economic recovery. The Democrats, in short, are afraid to be themselves.

* * *

The President, we are told, is greatly encouraged by the public reaction to his general economic program, and is more confident of reelection than he has been in many months. Though his face and manner do not reflect this reported reassurance, he has, since Congress convened, shown a more vigorous spirit. He has, we are told, banished most of his old Boy Scout political advisers and is taking advice from more practical and hard-boiled men. We understand that such cynics as "Sunny Jim" Watson, George Moses, Bert Snell and "Charlie" McNary are back in his good graces, and that such Pollyanna persons as Arthur Hyde, Pat Hurley, Walter Newton, Sim Fess and even Ray Lyman Wilbur do not stand so well as they once did. With respect to his renomination and reelection, he has entrusted his fortunes to such regulars as Postmaster General Brown, C. Bascom Slemp and

James Francis Burke. If this is true, it is a sign of political understanding Mr. Hoover has not exhibited since he entered the White House. Most of his troubles have been due to his feuds with the sensible men in his own party and to his belief that he had been commissioned by Providence to reform the Augean stables of the Republican party. Not that his efforts in that direction were ever eminently successful or that he strained himself to effect any far-reaching reform.

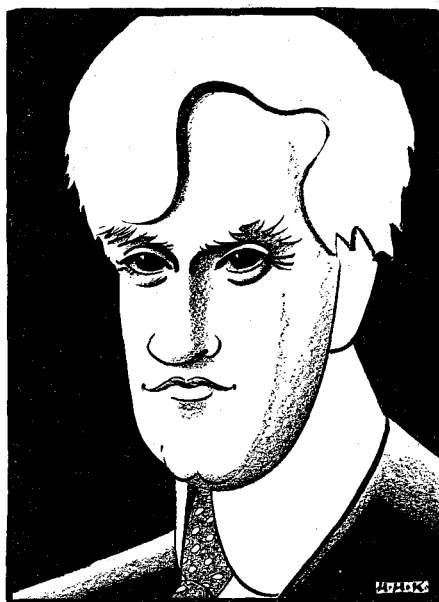
His appointment of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo to the Supreme Court is sure indication that he is preparing for the day of reckoning next November. Although he repeatedly expressed his recognition of the New York jurist's ability he set himself sternly against such a selection. He let it be known that he was looking for a Republican and a Western man and at one time he was prepared to choose a second-rater in order to get somebody who would fit those qualifications. Senator Wagner of New York thought the suggestion of Judge Cardozo so hopeless that he had to be driven to making a formal presentation of the name to Mr. Hoover. Senator Borah, who discussed the appointment with Mr. Hoover again and again, despaired of success. For a while the President seemed willing to select a man on the basis of ward politics rather than to reach out for the one man in the nation best qualified to fill the shoes of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There were, of course, loud complaints against selection of a third member from New York, and it is to Mr. Hoover's great credit that he disregarded them. He listened to Senator Borah's telling argument that geography should no more bar Judge Cardozo than the presence of two Virginians on the bench should have kept President Adams from naming John Marshall to be Chief Justice. It is even more to the President's credit that he refused to listen to suggestions that a second member of the Jewish race should not be named to the high court. Strange as it may seem in this supposedly enlightened age, this objection was raised by men in high place—in places high enough to let it reach presidential ears. There were, we hear, vague suggestions that Judge Cardozo might be named if Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis should indicate that his resignation might soon be forthcoming. We understand, however, that Mr. Hoover declined to entertain such thoughts, as he did hints that Justice Cardozo's appointment might, for the first time in our history, incline the court

which shapes our laws and our institutions toward a liberal and humane viewpoint.

* * *

The Democrats, we find, have recovered from the fright occasioned by Al Smith's announcement that his presidential candidacy rested in the hands of his "friends"—which everybody here took to be a sign that the 1928 nominee not only wanted another nomination but did not want his political protégé, Governor Roosevelt, to be nominated. For a few days, however, the Democrats were more downcast than they have been in two years, or since it seemed that the Fates were once again smiling on their party. Al's attitude, in their mind, insured another Madison Square Garden



CARDOZO

brawl that would be ruinous to their chances of victory.

Mr. Smith himself raised their spirits by subsequent explanations and by his apparently friendly conference with Mr. Roosevelt. In the second place, the former governor's statement was not well received and it must have inclined Mr. Smith to conclude that, despite his tremendous personal popularity, he no longer held his grip on the politicians and the political machinery. And it is a fact that he does not. It is not due, as some think, to his wet views or to his religion. It is due solely to the fact that the Democrats are hungry to win, smell the fleshpots just around the corner and, if possible, will let no man stand in the way of their winning. Democrats from the South and West would place Mr. Smith in the White House tomorrow if they could, but they will not make the attempt at the risk of party defeat.

The Roosevelt people, unfortunately for themselves, have been indiscreet.

They have not been content with their candidate's commanding position in the race. They have, we understand, sought to undermine Smith's friends on various state committees in order to have greater control of the convention machinery. As a result, the displaced politicians have sent their wails to Al, asking if he thought they should be penalized for their friendship toward him, and this is the sort of appeal to arouse him, even against Mr. Roosevelt. Moreover, the Rooseveltians, perhaps rightly, have neglected Mr. Smith for more than two years and he has, naturally, become a little sore. Wanting a little of the lime-light and attention he so loves, he took the only means which would restore it to him. These factors, to our mind, furnish sufficient explanation of the attitude of the man in the brown derby.

The political effect of Al's statement has been to solidify strength for Mr. Roosevelt in the South and West. Numerous senators, once cold to the New York governor, enlisted in his camp as soon as the Smith specter appeared on the horizon. Whether sufficient recruits have signed up to nominate the New York chief executive is still a question that will not be settled until June. It is the general belief that the same victory pains which led the Democrats to resent Mr. Smith's apparent ambition will induce them to rally around Mr. Roosevelt provided he makes a strong showing on the first ballot. It will be, in our mind, quite unlike the situation in 1924, when a prohibition fanatic like William G. McAdoo rallied the drys against Tammany forces marshalled by Mr. Smith.

The drys, this year, are willing to accept Mr. Roosevelt, even though he has declared in favor of repeal. They are not, however, willing to let a plank for repeal go into the platform and therein lies the possibility of a first-class row. This may appear as inconsistency on the part of such senators as Hull of Tennessee, Walsh of Montana, Harrison of Mississippi and all the other statesmen from the West and South, but it is a fact. What these men and local bosses fear most of all is that inclusion of an outright wet plank will make it difficult for them to elect their local tickets. It is no consolation to them that they may place Mr. Roosevelt in the White House, for the really important elections to our Democratic statesmen—and Republican politicians, too—are the court-house jobs. The selection of a President for the next few trying years may be a matter of some moment, but the local

(Continued on Page 185)

ceeds—her statesmen will renew their demand with more vigor than ever before for equality of treatment in Australia. And in North America, too, for that matter.

Northern Australia is a more suitable area for Japanese colonization than Manchuria. The Japanese originally came from the Malay Archipelago and do not thrive in cold climates. The Manchurian winters are bitterly cold. Indeed, the Japanese settlement in Southern Manchuria, despite every effort of the Imperial Government to encourage Japanese farmers to take up land there, has been negligible. To say that there are a half a million Japanese in Manchuria would be an exaggeration, though the Japanese government is apt to count Koreans as Japanese for the purpose of drawing up vital statistics.

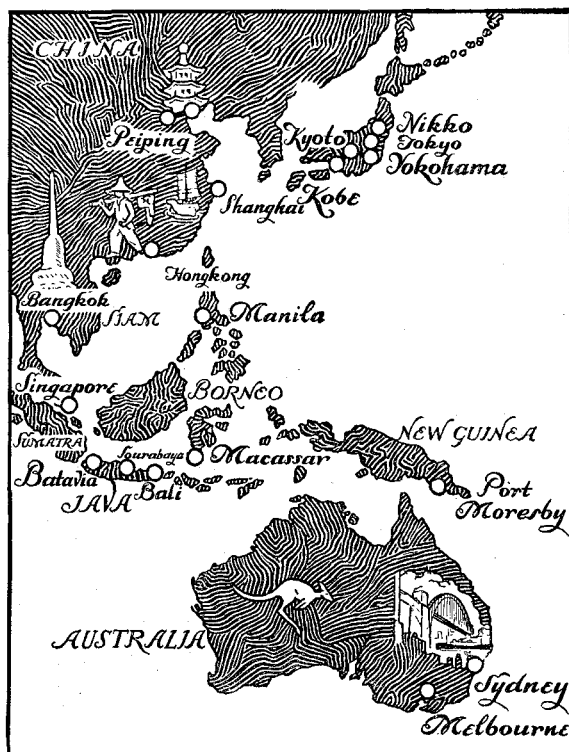
All these streams of opinion made up a river of considerable volume. But over against them were most of the Liberal elements in England, the Labor party and the working classes with all their instinctive hatred of war anywhere or by whomsoever waged. All who favor the League of Nations as a means to prevent war, who support the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, were and are, horrified by the Japanese occupation of Mukden and the subsequent drives. All who wish to see the Disarmament Conference at Geneva succeed and who work for the strengthening of every means of preserving world peace sense the danger.

Certain business interests trading with Manchuria were uneasy, however, and these were heavily reinforced when the Japanese made their descent upon Shanghai and apparently commenced operations at Nanking. The Yang-Tse River, draining the center of China and the most important artery of trade in a country woefully lacking in other means of transport, is of peculiar interest to British commerce. England still has the greatest proportion of this valuable trade. It was felt that if the Japanese became dominant at Shanghai at the mouth of the river and controlled the two treaty ports of Nanking and Hankow along its course they would be able to discriminate against British trade as they have done already in the southern part of Manchuria, where they have had treaty rights ever since the Russo-Japanese war twenty-eight years ago.

Thus the port of Dalny, since it has become a Japanese possession, has been

almost closed to British commerce. The great Hongkong-Shanghai Bank, the most important trading bank in the East, a British concern, is not even allowed to open a branch in Dalny, but has had to establish its office in the suburbs. Japanese customs officials and other functionaries take care to see that any trading concern in which Japanese capital is not interested shall meet with all kinds of difficulties. The "Open Door" has for long been a farce on the mainland of China wherever Japan has had control.

Thus the Japanese plan has begun to unfold itself. It alarms informed opinion in England. A few words as to this plan.



Matson Navigation Co.

In 1927 Premier Tanaka surveyed the world and reported to his Emperor. This secret report was stolen by a Chinese translator in the employ of the Japanese Foreign Office and was published by the Kuo-Ming-Tang, the Progressive-Republican party of China. Its authenticity was immediately denied by the Japanese Foreign Office, but there are many reasons to believe it to be authentic. It details a regular plan for obtaining control of all Manchuria south of the Eastern Chinese railway, running from China on the Trans-Siberian railway across Northern Manchuria by way of Harbin to Vladivostok.

Inner Mongolia, the Tartar province north of the Great Wall, to the west of Manchuria, is to be penetrated and controlled through the Mongolian princes in Japanese pay.

The Yang-Tse Valley is the next ob-

jective, thus giving control of Central China; and, later, Canton, controlling Southern China. In the course of some years, after consolidation, most of China would be controlled through puppet generals and mandarins, or under direct Japanese administration; perhaps through the reestablishment of the Manchu dynasty under Japanese influence, just as the English, for over 150 years, have controlled India.

French Indo-China is the next objective and, later, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. The way would then be opened to threaten India across her northeastern frontier, which is practicable with modern means of transport, especially the airplane.

The Japanese Imperialists believe that India must always have a strong alien government to hold her together and to impose rule from above. Outer Mongolia and Eastern Siberia can wait their turn. But the ultimate aim is to control all Asia; and the power which controls all Asia dominates the world.

It must be remembered that in Japan the control of the fighting forces is outside the constitution. The heads of the army and navy are directly responsible to the Emperor. In the Japanese cabinet the minister of war is always a general and the minister of marine an admiral. The Samurai clans control all the higher appointments to the army and navy and they claim to use these two forces, with their aircraft, independently of what the civilian politicians may think about it. This independent control of the fighting forces of Japan, the spearheads of Japanese imperialism, has been exemplified by recent events. The steps so far taken follow out the Tanaka plan in almost exact detail.

What of the other nations concerned? There is a widely held belief that an understanding exists between Moscow and Tokio. Contrary to general belief, Russia is not much interested in Manchuria unless and until the twenty million Chinese pioneers who have settled there embrace Communism. The Russian official attitude is that it does not matter whether the peasants and coolies of Manchuria are exploited by Chinese or Japanese capitalists and militarists.

Outer Mongolia is a different story. This vast province, with its nomad tribes, its deserts and its steppes, is nominally a Socialist Soviet republic, controlled by a Soviet at Urga. The understanding is believed to be that Japan will leave Outer Mongolia alone, which she

is quite content to do for the present. In that case Russia will not interfere with anything she does in the rest of China. On the other hand, if any of the Chinese provinces "went Red" and embraced Communism, Russia would be interested.

Russia is the new commander of the faithful, just as the Khalif, the spiritual head of the Moslems, armed with temporal power, was supposed to move to the rescue of any Moslem fraternity in danger from Christendom; so Russia must attempt to help any Communist government attacked by capitalism or imperialism. No doubt there are thinkers in Moscow who believe that Japan's action, if unchecked, will have the effect of driving China, or parts of China, toward Communism.

There is another factor where Russia is concerned. She stakes much on the success of the Five-Year Plan. Her rulers believe that only war will prevent its fruition. There are, in any case, physical reasons why war is difficult for Russia in the East at present. The Trans-Siberian railway, which is only a single track, is in bad order. Siberia is nearly roadless and, except for the railway, almost impassable in winter. It would take months for Russia to move a large army to the Far East and its supply would then be difficult.

What of France? Again there is understood to be an agreement between Tokio and Paris. The arrangement is believed to be that Japan shall have a free hand in Manchuria, where there are few French interests. In return Japan is to support France at the World Disarmament Conference and, most important of all, will aid her government in resisting proposals for a revision of the peace treaties. The Japanese incursion into the Yang-Tse is a different story for Paris. The Quay D'Orsay is informed of the Tanaka plan. If it appears that the Japanese rulers mean to follow this plan out during the next decade, France will begin to fear for Indo-China. Furthermore France has some commercial interests in the Yang-Tse Valley and, though these are not so important as the English, American or Japanese commercial interests, in the present state of world trade they are not negligible.

Another country vitally interested in the Asiatic problem raised by Japanese ambitions is Holland, with her immensely wealthy, thickly populated colonies of the Dutch East Indies. There is no room for Japanese settlers here, for Java, the richest and most fertile island, is already

overpopulated. Here the Japanese come as merchants, peddlers, shopkeepers, but not as land settlers.

Indeed, it is broadly true to say that with regard to all overpopulated Asia the Japanese ambition is the control of markets, raw material and cheap labor; while the unpopulated or sparsely peopled districts of Asia, such as Eastern Siberia, are unsuitable for close Japanese settlement for climatic or other reasons.

The arguments, therefore, that Japan has the right to expand in order to settle her surplus population are fallacious as regards the mainland of Asia and the islands of the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. They were used when the Japanese annexed Korea after having promised to respect its sovereignty. They seized that country with the connivance of England, who was a guarantor with other powers of Korean independence, on exactly the same plea. For two generations there was nothing to prevent the Japanese pioneers from settling in Korea or Manchuria except for the fact that the Koreans were there already and the Chinese moved beyond the Great Wall into Manchuria faster than the Japanese came from overseas.

Where the plea of overpopulation does hold good is in regard to northern Australia. Up till recent events there was a growing school of opinion, both in England and in Australia, which argued that the Japanese should be allowed to settle in northern Australia. It is not a white man's country, though the Australian nationalists hope to make it so. So far, the slogan of a "White Australia" has been sufficient to check any development of such a policy. But the Japanese ruling classes, seeing their people barred from the Pacific Coast of North America and from northern Australia, have developed a persecution complex rather similar to that of the German governing class prior to the Great War. Indeed, they use much the same lan-



guage about Japan's "place in the sun," of her being hemmed in and treated with inequality and injustice. They feel that they must make their nation strong enough to demand equal treatment with success.

Let us turn to the domestic and economic situation in Japan itself, which is of great importance at the present time. Japan has suffered cruelly in the world economic crisis, and prior to this slump the great earthquake destroyed some of her most valuable silk producing districts. The heavy burden of her armaments,

the cost of her complicated machinery of government, with its swollen bureaucracy, have created financial embarrassments.

She has been successful in the manufacture of cheap textiles and has built up a trade of importance, especially to India, in cotton goods, underselling Lancashire, but also underselling the Hindu mill owners. Economic nationalism in India is apt to bar out Japanese goods for the same reason as at present it seeks to boycott British goods. China, Japan's natural market, is difficult owing to the development of native Chinese manufacturing industry. Furthermore, the Chinese boycott has been developed into a very efficient machine and at the present moment is punishing Japanese trade severely. In bazaar goods, machinery and other manufactures, Germany, forced to export at any price in order to accumulate foreign credits for reparation payments, is a serious competitor.

Even in Manchuria, her chosen sphere of influence, Japan finds Chinese economic nationalism active. Thus the Chinese policy of building parallel lines to the Japanese railroads and developing ports in opposition to Dalny had caused serious losses prior to the present campaign in Manchuria and was one of the principal causes of that campaign.

Again, Japan is short of certain raw materials, notably iron ore and petroleum, while her own coal is of poor quality. Not only can China provide excellent coal and iron ore but she can grow the rice which Japan needs to import to feed her industrial population.

JAPANESE economic imperialism, for the reasons stated, has not hitherto been very successful on the Asiatic mainland, and that is why her governing class has turned to political and military imperialism. The net result is that the economic situation in Japan has become increasingly difficult and the impoverishment of the masses of the people—farmers and factory workers alike—has created deep-rooted discontent. Already there is an underground Communist movement of substantial proportions, especially in the great industrial cities, and this in turn is countered by Fascist organizations supporting the aristocrats, the Throne and the Japanese capitalists.

The Japanese ruling class, therefore, finds itself between two dangers. The first is the growing economic distress and, therefore, political discontent at home threatening the stability of Japanese so-

(Continued on Page 185)

Then there is Mary V., a teacher, and the mother of two children. Her husband is a free-lance writer who finds a very small market for his highly intellectual articles, so that the burden of support falls on Mary. Does he look around for some other job? Or does he think of writing the kind of articles which would have a wider appeal and better selling value? Not he. He would not think of bartering his soul that way. He occasionally reads some manuscripts for a publishing house and this, together with the articles he manages to sell every so often, keep him supplied with pocket money.

Since they cannot afford servants Mary has to do the cooking and much of the household work. Her combined duties as wife, mother, housekeeper and wage-earner are making her nervous and irritable. It is the rare woman who can give both to her job and her home all the energy and attention they require without her suffering for it in some way.

Then here's the case of Harriet, a bookkeeper. If ever a girl was made for motherhood, it was she. She adored children and brought up her younger sisters. She can cook and bake like an old-fashioned "hausfrau." She can remodel clothes from four years ago and make them look like the latest styles. Spare evenings always found her making things for the house—hooked rugs, lampshades, curtains or presents for the children of her friends. When her young flapper sister left school to marry, she helped her to establish her home and provided the outfit for the baby. It was pathetic to see the hunger and love in her eyes when that baby arrived.

When Harriet was thirty, she startled everyone by marrying a man several years her junior. Did she give up her job and have the home and children she wanted? Not by a long shot. Her husband's salary is a small one and while she is capable enough to manage economically on it, in order to stay at home, her husband wants to have her salary until he earns more. But when that time arrives, she will no longer be able to have children, and it is even questionable whether, worn out from the years of working and caring for the house, she will be able to hold her husband.

Another typical case is one which came to the attention of a friend of mine. A thin, tired-looking woman came to see her about a job. She appeared to be very young, but said she had been working for twelve years and had been married for eight. She had such a nervous, dejected air about her that my friend asked her why she did not stay at home.

"I'd like to," she answered, "but I can't. I must help my husband support the house. You know, men expect you to work these days. First you do it for the sake of helping your husband get a start. You think you'll retire and have children just as soon as he can maintain the home himself. But the day never comes when he believes you ought to give up your job.

"Men become so dependent upon the money their wives earn that they want them to continue to work. And believe me, the women get tired of holding a job, running the house, and perhaps rais-

she said, "I would let my husband struggle along by himself. It is a mistake for a woman to show a man that she can be independent. He either becomes so spineless that he thinks nothing of exploiting her, or she hurts his pride so that he looks around for some woman who will restore it. His sense of loyalty to her weakens when he sees that she can manage things herself."

And that, to me, sums up the situation completely. Certainly, if we look at the women who capture our worthiest and most successful men, and who get the most from marriage, do we find that they are the independent, self-reliant women who can take care of themselves? Aren't they, for the most part, women who are dependent and dumb, or who at least pretend that they are? They need some one to assist them at whatever they do and, at a moment's notice, they turn on hysterics and tears. For the security and comfort they receive, they give nothing in return, save their perfumed bodies. The only master of arts they can qualify for is in their ability to extract money from men, particularly big alimony.

Every so often when a man has been badly fleeced by one of these gold-digging wives and is paying heavy alimony, he unburdens himself in the press, bewailing the lack of honor in women. He declares that women are demanding more and more rights while holding fast to their old privileges and, as one wrote, "it is a sad reflection on our sex that we permit this."

Sad indeed! It would really be laughable if it didn't create a hard and unfair situation for the capable and honest-minded woman. For there is little doubt that had these gold-digging wives displayed the intelligence, the self-reliance and the sportsmanship of their more advanced sisters, those who think it unfair to accept alimony, they would have found themselves unclaimed blessings, or at best sharing their salaries with some unsuccessful or parasitic male.

However, there is a glimmer of hope for the future. The younger generation of girls coming up is shrewdly observing the tired, unhappy eyes of the bachelor girls and the fifty-fifty wives and is deeply resolving not to get caught by the false glamor of equality. Once more, therefore, they will let the lordly male bring home the bacon while they sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. And further, like their serpent-wise grandmothers, they will restore romance by permitting nothing further than hand-squeezing until the swain has brought along the ring and declared his "honorable intentions!"



ing children in the bargain, while their husbands do hardly anything but work for their own needs."

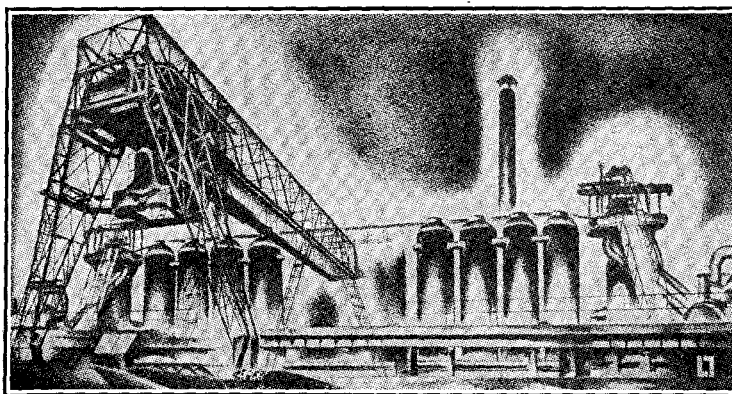
Alma's case is quite different, but very significant. She married a man who was doing fairly well and she was able to give up her job to devote herself to the home and later to their three children. A few years ago, however, her husband went through a hard period and his income dropped considerably. Alma left her children with her mother and got a job in a dress shop. Her exquisite taste and her sales ability soon won her a better position and salary so that she was able to tide the family over for the time. When her husband was able to manage again, he asked Alma to give up her job. But she refused to do it since she was enjoying the work and it was paying her well. Her husband sulked and felt hurt at her attitude. Soon he began to go out with another woman and Alma woke up with a shock when he asked her for a divorce.

"If I had to live my life over again,"

⇒ Tanya Craves a Ford ⇐

An Intimate Story of Rainbows in Russia

By LORINE PRUETTE



TANYA has invited me to live with her. I am not sure that I can find the place again. These terrible Russian names, with some letters that look like Greek and some like English and some like nothing at all—and the letters that look like English sound like something else. P is R and so it goes. Is this the street? The name has several letters that belong in the name I am seeking. I must go down the lane until I come to a green door. Perhaps the windows will be open, so that I can look in and make sure that I am in the right place.

No, this is not the right street. I am not sure that this is really I myself, hunting for a green door in the poorer quarters of Moscow. The night air is soft, and the moon is spilling light placidly over the little park I am passing. The workers' houses are so small, like toys, one floor only, with low roofs and gingerbread decoration at the windows, like the lace paper old ladies used to put on their pantry shelves. The windows are uncurtained and I can see the people moving about inside. One little house has a radio and terrible sounds of static can be heard, or perhaps it is only the incomprehensible, violent Russian speech. In another they have a red shade for the electric light, and in another a boy is playing the violin. The street is broad and dusty, and no automobiles come this way. There is no traffic here; nothing but an occasional man or woman slipping quietly by in the shadows.

Suddenly I realize that here is the only peace I have found in Russia. Moscow is a feverish city, and Leningrad is like an ageing belle, touched with frenzy as she sees her charms slipping from her. I have not been able to sleep in Russia, but perhaps I can sleep here in one of these quiet streets, in a little house where my friend the factory worker lives. It is true that I am a little afraid. I cannot even pronounce the name of the street I am trying to find. When I try to say "gde" which I am told means "where is" no one understands me.

I have been lost one other night, in a much more terrifying quarter of Moscow. I could not take a cab, because this would cost me five dollars for a short drive. A droshky costs even more. I can only look enviously at the poor Russians,

moving their household furniture about in these droshkys which we rich

(?) Americans cannot afford to take. The joker lies in the high price we pay for rubles. At two for a dollar a droshky charge of fifteen rubles becomes a prohibitive \$7.50 for me, but at the actual value of the ruble the price is quite reasonable, let us say seventy-five cents. People differ as to the real value of the ruble, but my friend who had dinner at the Metropole Hotel was told he must pay \$5 or one hundred rubles, which makes the ruble worth five cents to the hotel. Of course, they preferred the \$5, because it is *valuta*, foreign money with a gold basis and not the home-made paper money. So, the financial situation being thus complicated, you walk when you get lost, that is, if you are a poor American girl who had no business coming to Russia anyway.

THAT night I did walk, for hours, till my feet were so sore I could scarcely bear to take another step, on and on through mobs of people who were probably perfectly respectable but who looked like bums and cutthroats. As I trudged on and on I clutched my pocketbook to me, and I made a silly joke to cheer me, saying it was not for my life or my virtue that I feared, but for my *valuta*. Like the others, I went around the drunks lying on the sidewalk.

From the Russians I hear that Russians have not the American habit of being kind and indulgent to drunks, and that since the revolution the efforts to suppress drinking have made the people even more harsh in their treatment. I hear too that the government is trying very hard to stop the drinking but that it cannot do so at once. On the other hand the liquor shops are the only ones before which it is not necessary to wait *en queue* for hours. Butter and bread may run short; there is a rations card for food. But apparently there is plenty of vodka, and you don't have to have a card for vodka.

Yes, I know what it is like to be lost among thousands of people; not one of whom understands when I speak to him.

Even the one policeman I see in all that district can understand no word of what I say, and I no word of what he says. He is very kind, but, alas, not very helpful. I would have been glad to see other policemen, for I was worried about my *valuta*, as also about losing the bag containing my passport. In other countries you can go to the American consul and he will surely do something about lost papers, but here—the first time I realize it I am terrified—there is no American consul and the State Department in Washington is said to warn us that it will take no responsibility if we go to Russia. Well, it ought to, I think impatiently; there ought to be American consuls everywhere Americans go. I am indignant, and I feel lost not merely in the streets of Moscow but lost, appallingly, in this vast country where there is not anywhere any protecting arm of my Government to be found. No, I do not want to lose my documents; one has to produce them too often in Russia. Finally it occurs to me to cover my very handsome pocketbook—it was a steamer-gift—with an old newspaper. Everybody is carrying bundles, mostly food, and now I look as if I had a loaf of bread under my arm, and I begin to breathe more easily. I do not believe there is any danger here except from thieves, but I know there is this danger, for among my small acquaintance I have already learned of many thefts.

AT LAST I find an Oriental who seems to understand my stammered Russian, and soon I stagger on to the one street I really know, the main street, Tverskaya, where I understand the bus system. It has not been easy coming so far. I have had supper at the hotel, with the idle millionaire who is trying awfully hard to pretend that he has serious business in Russia. He is "observing." So many people are observing here. But he doesn't speak the language and he won't go out of the hotel alone. He did take me across the square to the street car. I thought perhaps he would offer to ac-

company me, but I can see that he is afraid. I have to wait till many cars go by, they are so crowded. I went through the war in Washington and fought my way into those street cars, but these in Moscow are much, much worse. The member of the idle rich says he thinks I am the bravest girl he ever saw. Nobody ever told me that before, nobody who knew me ever would, so with the encouragement of his statement and the further assistance of his determined shoving from the rear I get a little way on to the street car. One of the Russians keeps me from falling off and helps later to keep me from being quite crushed to death. Not even my subway training gets me in far enough to pay my fare. I have to pass it up, as is the custom, to the raucous-voiced virago who is presumably telling us all to step lively and to move on up in the car, and she passes back through friendly hands the little paper that I must clutch to me until I descend from the car.

There is a very drunken man leaning over my shoulder and breathing heavily on me. A child, in one of the infrequent side seats, is jammed against my legs. I cannot put my bag down, cannot indeed find room enough for my feet, cannot get at my handkerchief. I clutch my pocket-book more tightly here, for the Russians themselves warn you against the street cars, and my heavy briefcase drags on my other hand. The drunk tries to start a fight but fails; perhaps there isn't room enough. Then the battle to get off begins and finally I stumble out on the street and begin to stretch myself into shape again. After the street car it is not surprising that these broad lanes seem peaceful. Tranquillity touches me lightly and I breathe more easily. Then two men slink past me, and I am alert again. What is that woman doing, leaning so strangely against the lamp post, exactly as a dog would lean? Oh, that is what she is doing. She straightens up and I observe that she had not even lifted her skirts. That reminds me of my most constant worry about my new home. I have been out in the back court with Tanya, to see the outhouse which all those families used, and I am still ill when I think of it. You would be ill, too, if I told you about it.

In this country, where the facts of life are so very factual, you discuss things more openly. The Russian who brought me to Tanya the first time said bluntly that it was impossible for an American to go into such a place, but he added that the railroad station was not far away, perhaps five blocks. Tanya says politely, "of course we have not canalization," but it is clear that she is not much concerned with the question. After I have taken one step inside and then ingloriously fled I look at Tanya, so pretty and fresh, so dainty in her clothes, and I marvel at her. "How can you stand such a place?" I ask her bluntly. "Oh, I do not think about it," she answers lightly. "I do not like it, but what can I do?"

She shrugs her shoulders pleasantly, the problem disposed of. I am on the point of being very American. I want to say, "Send your maid out there to clean up the place, whitewash everything and see if you can't raise the standards of your neighbors." But I know that she does not mean me to answer her question with practical suggestions. It was purely rhetorical. What can I do?

Against this attitude even the dictatorship of the proletariat can only move slowly. The Communistic government has developed the most skillful propaganda technique that the world has probably ever known. It is using this technique in the interests of sanitation, of cleanliness. It builds workers' houses, but they do not remain clean, and Americans shudder if they move where a Russian has been living. Already the health propaganda has taught the people to start when they hear the word "infection," and the ideal of complete state medical care for all is one we must respect; but while one hospital may be excellent in its sanitation another may be so terrible that, as in one case, an American nurse refused to work in it. Among other things she remarked on the lack of sterilization of instruments and bandages and on the

So Tanya and her outhouse, about which she does not think, come inevitably to stand for many characteristic things in this Eastern land. As far as the practical problem was concerned, I need not have worried. The little serving maid has made arrangements. She and I get along amazingly well. Redkerchiefed, always smiling, she is one of the natural communicants; with a torrent of words which I do not understand she makes me understand many things, even about the movie to which she has taken the child.

It is the maid who receives me, when I come finally and so thankfully to that green door I have been seeking. She it will always be who makes the shift to the environment as easy as may be. The kitchen is the largest of the rooms, although it is not very large. Here is the big, clumsy stove for winter cooking and the tiny oil stove, just big enough to hold a small teapot, which is all they have for summer cooking. On this Anna heats water, by the hour it seems to me, and when it is heated she is magnificently lavish with it. She has a pride about it. She is always urging hot water upon me.

I must wash in the kitchen, of course, and this is also a passageway. There is no thought of privacy. Ivan lounges in the doorway and observes me. He is a quiet, slow boy, about twenty, who has come from another city to go to the "academy." He has come weeks too early, and is contentedly living on Tanya's family. His father is a friend of Peter, her father. They seem glad enough to have him, although they have not room enough for themselves. The dust of the roads has made my feet dirty. There is a thrill about overcoming so much dirt. I haven't been so dirty since I was a little girl and ran barefoot across the fields. Anna sees from my face that I have not quite achieved the Russian lack of self-consciousness; she suddenly turns on Ivan and sends him packing.

The tiny house has been divided into rooms by some thin material like beaver-board. You cannot touch these walls without making them sway. There is one wall which is solid, and on this all the coats are hung. It divides the front room from the tiny hall. The family sit here in the evening and here they receive their friends. It has a wardrobe in which Tanya puts her dresses, a three-quarters couch for the father and mother, several straight chairs and a table on which is a large, ornate vase, survival, supposedly, of an earlier day. There is also a radio with ear-phones and Peter sits here in the evening, listening to the concerts.



Destiny (O. Kückel)
Farrar & Rinehart

Russian nurse who wiped her nose on the bandage that was to be used after a surgical operation. Recently the order has gone out to clean up the restaurants. No doubt progress is being made toward Western standards, but it will be a long time, probably a generation, before any appreciation of cleanliness develops here.

He is passionately fond of music, although he has had no musical training. But Peter has not come yet. He is on the night shift at his factory and is, in addition, one of the "responsible workers," which means that he must work longer hours than the others, also that he is not on a five-day week but on a ten-day week, working straight through for nine days before he has his "free day." Poor Peter, there is a gentleness in him that is very winning, and the sadness in his face touches your heart. His hair is quite white, although he is not old. He tells you it is white because of the bad times he has lived through.

Tanya is positively a young lady, with a room of her own. It has no door, only a curtain, and the walls do not go all the way up, so that the light from the rest of the house shines in and everything can be heard in the house. Her room and her parents' room remind me of Greenwich Village, with colored cloths on the walls and bright spreads on the couches, plain board floors and articles of furniture that serve various purposes for which they were not intended.

Tanya comes late, because after work there has been a committee meeting which she must attend. It is all very well to give the workers responsibility for the conduct of the business. Theoretically, it is possible to see many values in this, but practically these poor Russians seem positively hag-ridden with committee meetings and extra tasks which they must do after work hours. It would be easier for them to be workers without a share in the business and, of course, many of them fail to take responsibility. But Tanya makes no complaint. She is a frail girl who never gets enough sleep. She takes her responsibilities very seriously and there is vast pride in her tone when she speaks of her establishment.

ONE DAY I have gone to her place of work to ask her something. She who loves to talk can give me only a minute, her gaze wanders from me. "I am sorry," she says, "I must go. I have so much to do." I do not think she is coerced. I think she accepts the Five-Year Plan heart and soul and that when I interrupt her at her work she feels that I am by so much holding back the achievement of all that she lives for.

She is very tired when she comes now. She has eaten her dinner at noon at the establishment, and has had nothing else, since it was too far for her to come home and return for the meeting. So Anna heats more water and we will all have tea in Peter's room. The water in the

teapot makes three cups, so some of us must wait for the second service. But we all gather about the little table and chatter while some of us drink and some of us wait.

I have brought with me some cheese which I bought in Sweden when I was afraid there might be nothing to eat in Russia. It is true that I was hungry in Leningrad because I would not eat the food the hotel served, but somehow this box of cheese has survived, so I must not have been too hungry. Now it is a party, because of the strange food. The box is passed from hand to hand, like a rare curiosity. There is a girl's picture on the top and inside the cheese is protected by tinfoil. They cannot imagine what it is. I must tell them and I do not know the word for cheese. I say that I do not know whether it is good. Tanya cradles the box in her hands and says, "Ah, but it is so nice."

The bread is black, but not bad. The butter, kept in a bowl of water, is sweet. The tea is hot and strong, and there is plenty of sugar. And the cheese is a real delicacy. There is so much talk about it. They fear that I will break the box when I open it. The box is saved and kept on the little table with the radio and a box, empty now, which once held imported powder. We are very gay now because here is something new, some breath from the outside world of plenty, the outside world of delicacy. It is not as food that the cheese is valued, but as luxury, variety, grace.

Tanya was a child of three when the European war began. She was about eleven when the terrors of the Revolution swept over her city and left her homeless. Now at twenty-one she has lived through so much that it makes me feel curiously soft and trivial beside her, and even a little envious. In a world where there seem to be gathering clouds of trouble over every country, the Russians have at least this advantage, that they have already lived through so much that is tragic and terrible. Surely, nothing worse can come to them. I think that it is this feeling in part which accounts for the optimism you feel here. It is not the happy-go-lucky, spoiled-child optimism we have had in America; it is a frenzied optimism, with a touch of bitterness, as if they were saying, "nothing worse can come, things must be better ahead."

She is very proud of being so serious, and of having a responsible position. She

tells us about lecturing the girls in her place, because they work more eagerly when they can increase their rate of pay by speeding up the work. She has told them that it is not right to work better for themselves than for the establishment. How earnest she is about her establishment! How different from American girls of her own age. Like them she has a pride in her appearance, is even a little vain. On the night before her "free day" she washes her hair and waves it, and looks after her clothes, and when she goes to work she looks very nice, which is not at all the custom today in Moscow. But her talk is not at all of "dates." Her boy friend

has come in tonight, and she has greeted him in the hall, but now she allows him to lounge on the couch and pays him no further attention. She is pleased because her friends come to see her every night, and the little room is full now as usual. They all laugh a great deal, and Tanya is very pretty when she laughs. The visitors study me with bright, curious eyes, and sometimes they ask questions about America. But it is only Tanya who seems to have serious concern.

"Why will you not buy from us?" she asks fiercely. "When you go back to America, please tell your government that our things are made with honest labor, and they should trade with us."

It is idle to argue the question of forced labor with Tanya. I have tried to argue it with a much better-informed woman from Archangel, where the great timber-exporting business is concentrated. I have heard of the prison camps and the compulsory labor there in the north, but she who lives and works there declares passionately that these stories are not true. It is all free labor, she maintains, and then makes the startling addition that, of course, there are some people who do not recognize their social obligations and they must be compelled to fulfill their social obligations.

Tanya is a long way from being a member of the ruling class. She is not a party member, nor is her father. I think perhaps she would like to be. One of her visitors is a Communist, a man who has been in the consular service abroad. It is not easy to become a party member, or so one hears, and the obligations are very heavy, in spite of the special privileges the members have. There are probably many people in Russia like the

(Continued on Page 199)



⇒ I Lost My Job ⇐

ANONYMOUS

IT WILL take you about twenty minutes to read what it has taken me twenty months to live, but at the end you will be more fortunate than I. You will only have read it. I have and still am, living it. It has left me bitter, and the experience has not left its mark on me alone, but on my wife and child as well.

In the spring of 1929 I left the staff of one of New York City's newspapers—and a salary of \$65 a week—to become public relations representative of an important eastern railroad at a salary almost three times the amount I was earning on the newspaper.

I was reluctant to make a change. I had spent seventeen years in the newspaper business—as reporter, editor, advertising man—and I knew nothing about any other sort of work, but the railroad sought me out and offered me a salary of \$10,000 a year. Despite my reluctance to leave the work that I knew and liked, I could not, in justice to my family, ignore this opportunity. My salary as a reporter was inadequate since, besides my wife and child, I had to support my mother and father. Both were ill and both made their home with me.

Despite a control of expenditures that to me, even now, was little short of marvelous, my wife was unable to make both ends meet on the money that I received as a reporter, because my mother's illness required the visit of a doctor almost daily, and this meant the outlay of almost half my salary for this alone.

Our savings of \$700, on which we had relied when we were married, had been wiped out, and, to keep our heads above water, we had been forced to borrow \$500 from a prominent loan company. The arrival of the baby, followed the next year by an emergency operation for appendicitis—in which I indulged myself—and the support of my parents, these were the three principal reasons for no cash reserve. Despite the loan, we began to go into debt, so that when the railroad job materialized I had to accept, having contracted debts amounting to almost \$1,500.

The change was made and I left the newspaper—the city editor of which offered to increase my salary by \$10 a week if I would stay, with another raise in about six months more—and I left with the good wishes of those with whom I had worked for nearly five years.

My first month's salary from the railroad went in a large measure to paying off creditors who were pressing claims



against me. The same was true of my next month's salary, which left me with \$100 in cash. Then came the death of my mother. Funerals at their cheapest have never been secured for small amounts, nor have burial plots, and my mother's death meant additional expenditures—"which must be paid immediately," to quote the mortician and the cemetery. Another \$700 must be paid out immediately, or my mother could not be buried.

A statement of my income, and of how I hoped to secure the money, brought me a ten days' respite from payment—and during that time I negotiated another loan. This was for \$1,000, which I was to repay at the rate of \$90 a month.

Months went by and when my first year with the railroad had ended I was assured that there would be no change in my position.

In the meantime all but \$600 of my debts had been paid, we had moved to another apartment, my wife and baby had secured new clothing, and, while on the newspaper job the shiny blue serge suit might do, my new position required at least two new suits, new shoes and a couple of hats—all purchased in 1929 when prices were the highest.

The crash had come, but it was being ignored by the railroad, until about a month after my first year had expired. Then a series of mergers and combinations resulted in the public relations department of my line being wiped out of existence—and with it went my job.

It was the middle of 1930. A hot summer. \$850 to live upon and to meet \$250 in pressing debts including bills at the neighborhood stores. Newspaper offices were filled with school of journalism students all working for little or nothing. Panic had gripped the business

world. No one wanted a publicity man. No one wanted to take on anyone to supervise or write advertising. Agencies were full of diploma-holding youths from college, who, like the school of journalism students, were willing to, and did, work for very little. Parents would supply shelter, food and clothing while the children went on their way filling positions that ordinarily would have gone to experienced men.

Then followed the round after round of offices. Friends and strangers alike were visited. Politicians were interviewed. A former governor was seen. He had just put the finishing touches on one of his pet projects. I had known him, had done work for his party, and was known and liked by the higher-ups on the state committee of his party.

He pulled out a drawer in his desk and pointed to a heap of letters:—

"Say, Blank," he said. "Here I have a heap of applications. If I put my time in on these I couldn't get a lick of work done for myself. I'm sorry, but you know enough about this game to know that I could stall you and let you go home and eat your heart out waiting, but that would only be a lot of baloney. I can't do a thing for you. I'm sorry." The same with executives on various newspapers with whom I had worked in my younger days.

"We can't do a thing. We have orders to cut the pay-roll. Not a chance. If you want to come around in about a week, we'll see what we can do."

Finally back to the paper I had left. In my ears were the final words of the city editor:—

"Lots of luck, Blank. Anytime we can do anything for you, let us know. We are sorry to lose you. Come in any time."

WHEN I reached the anteroom of the editorial offices, the city editor and the supervising editor were both out . . . No, they would not be back for several weeks. They had left on vacation the day before.

That meant I would have to see the managing editor. I wondered what my reception would be.

I got to his office, and told him what I had come for. Was it possible to get back on the paper?

I had, the day before this call, received a notice of dispossession from my apartment because I had not paid the month's rent of \$100. The agent of the building, a friend of mine, advised me that if I

would submit to a dispossession, it would break the two years' lease I held, and I would not have to pay the rent, and I could remove before the court order came through. This meant that we could hold on to what money we still had, and I agreed.

The managing editor listened to my story, including that of the dispossession. Then he smiled and said:—

"Yes, I heard from the city editor that you had lost your job. He wanted to know what we could do for you if you came here. Do you want to know what I told him?"

Naturally I was curious. I little expected what came next.

"I TOLD him we could do nothing for you. Do you want to know why? Well, Mr. Blank, you left us for the joys of the flesh-pots. Now you can stand the consequences. That's all."

There was nothing left for me to say. I couldn't find any words that seemed coherent. He waved away my attempt at explanation of my position and asked me to leave his office. He was busy.

A moving man with whom I had been friendly agreed to store my household effects until such time as I could take them out. There was no place for us to go except to the home of my wife's parents. This was a step we hated to take, but we had the baby to think about, and while we might be able to get along, it was a hardship for her that we did not like to think of. The move was given further impetus by one of my brothers-in-law, who did not live with his parents, insisting that we go there.

The first question asked us when we arrived on a dismal rainy day was:—"How long do you expect to stay?"

Not being able to answer this question with any degree of accuracy brought a scene in which my sister-in-law declared that we had intruded upon her privacy and that she intended to leave home. She did, going to live with one of her married brothers who upheld her view that we had "foisted" ourselves upon the family.

Next followed the discharge of the hired girl and the declaration that inasmuch as we were there it was only right that my wife and I should do the housework. We were restricted to one room—except when company came—and the baby was forbidden to play in any but that room. It was hard to keep her quiet, the novelty of being at "grandma's" was too much for her. When company came to the house, however, we were allowed to visit and the "in-laws" told of their charity in providing a home for us.

When several days passed and I did not obtain work, suggestions were given as to what I should do. I should sell brushes, or silk stockings. Firms advertised that they paid a salary of \$25 a week for distributing and selling their product. Investigation disclosed that this was so—after the salesman had completed a probationary course and had established a clientele that would result in about \$100 worth of business a week.

Then came the marking of the Help Wanted columns. I had to answer all marked advertisements. If large earnings were promised, that was the job for me. Real estate salesmen were making big money. Grape juice and vacuum cleaner salesmen were earning from \$150 to \$200 a week, according to the advertisements in the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. None of these men had had previous experience. What the advertisements did not state was that these men represented about one per cent of the applicants, and that these sums were not made all at once. It took from six to eight months to get into this class.

Neither did the advertisements state that in many instances a deposit had to be made on the sales-kit, or apparatus that the salesman was supposed to carry.

In the meantime I had borrowed on my insurance policies, securing \$350 in loans, out of which in some instances I had to make premium payments. Most of my insurance had been acquired too recently to permit any money to be borrowed, and what was obtained soon drained away.

The Christmas season was approaching. I took out a line of Christmas cards and earned about \$65 in commissions, most of my sales being made to friends who knew of my condition and who gave me their orders. A friend suggested that I sell a line of Christmas cakes and cookies. My commission was one per cent of the total order, and I had to pay my own expenses. I earned \$2.50 over a period of three weeks at this. While it was a seasonal business, no one seemed interested in cake.

The loans I had made meant that payments had to be kept up. I reduced the amount of one of the loans, that for \$1,000, by reborrowing the sum of \$500, and then again reborrowing the sum of \$300. This called for monthly payments of \$25, and I did not dare let this loan be called because two of my brothers-in-law had been co-makers on

the note. If they were sued it might harm their businesses, which were in a precarious condition.

I finally became connected with the branch agency of an insurance company, due to pressure on the part of my wife's family who had heard of the large earnings made by insurance men. About this time the Bank of United States was closed and with the closing came an end to our cash reserve, which amounted at this time to \$50. This money had been deposited with the money held there by my father-in-law, who each week would take out \$15 of which he retained \$10 for our support, giving the other \$5 to my wife for my lunches and carfare and money for the baby's milk.

The night before the bank closed I had sent a check for \$25 to the loan company for a payment which was slightly overdue. The check came back with the memorandum that the sum would have to be paid immediately, or legal action would be started to recover the entire amount from myself or my co-makers.

A frantic appeal to friends brought me \$25 and I paid the installment.

The next month found me called for jury duty, and from the \$30 I was paid for two weeks' service I had to pay out \$25 to the loan company.

No success was met in the insurance business. My friends either had all the insurance they could carry, or had relatives in the business who had to receive whatever additional insurance they would take. Calls from office to office, from house to house and from store to store made me soon realize in how little esteem an insurance man was held.

Another recourse to employment agencies. They always ran attractive advertisements on Sundays, and Monday mornings found me replying in person to two or three of them. In exactly

three instances I managed to get an interview with the company which had the position. In one of the three—that of a professional fund-raising company which was to put on an appeal for the Salvation Army—I was told that I had not had sufficient experience either in writing or in publicity work. In the other two while it was acknowledged that I had had broad experience and was fitted for the position, my previous earnings had been large for the company to feel that I would be willing to remain with them for the money that they paid. They

(Continued on Page 184)



►► You Get More Money ◀◀

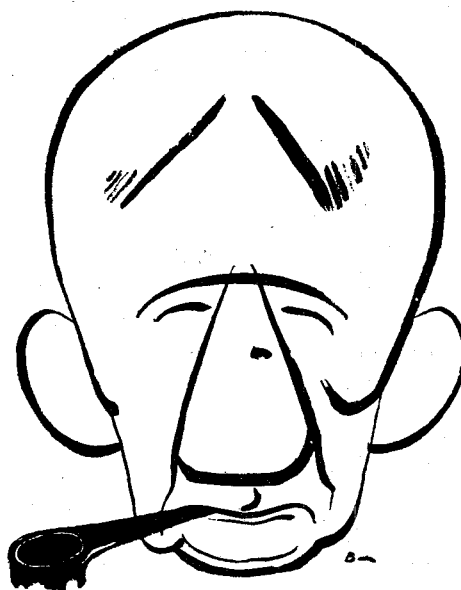
How the R. F. C. Can Aid Your Town

By DON WHARTON

You don't live in Middletown. Middletown—the name is borrowed from *Middletown* by Robert and Helen Lynd—is a city, 500 miles and more from the corner of Broad and Wall. In 1914 Middletown had but 20,000 inhabitants, two movie palaces and an opera house which presented a road show now and then. The bank occupied the first floor of the tallest building—five stories in all. There were no apartment houses, no country clubs. A cotton broker handled security orders as a side line. But Middletown grew during the war, kept on growing and grew again during the boom. It extended its boundaries three times and swept into the 75,000 class three years ago. The Middletowners were a happy lot in 1929; their city had acquired three country clubs, a half dozen new apartment houses and a skyline of its own. Their mills were running overtime, their autos were rarely idle, their stock brokers were enlarging their offices and their realtors planning to subdivide every farm within ten miles of city hall.

The story of Middletown since 1929 is not unique. You've seen the same thing in your town. Of Middletown's three leading factories, one has closed down and two are running part-time. Of its four banks, one has just closed its doors and two have been swallowed up in eleventh-hour mergers. Of its four skyscraping office buildings, not one is fully rented. Country club memberships have dropped despite a decrease in dues and a seven-room house can be rented for \$45 a month. Needless to say, the apartment houses are half-empty, the automobile agencies broke. The home office of the Middletown Insurance Company is hard pressed to meet the excessive demand for policy loans. In short, Middletown's plight is typical of the American city of today. Taxes are high, jobs scarce and profits almost unobtainable.

Like your own town, Middletown became panicky last fall. It acquired the philosophy of gloom. Christmas wasn't the same old Christmas. Middletown was glad to ring out the old year but it was scared to death of the new. It had lost its faith in everything—everything from market reports to moratoriums. Then the Middletown merchants took up their papers and saw three big words—Reconstruction Finance Corporation. They and their friends read them, saw them again



CHARLES G. DAWES
President of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation

the next morning and the next and the next. They read the editorial in the *Middletown Times* which said that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would help the whole country. But the Middletowners didn't believe it. They all wanted to, but most of them said they couldn't. Some of them said that it might help New York but not Middletown. Some of them just said, "Oh Yeah."

But let us see how wrong they are. Let us see how the R. F. C. can aid Middletown's two banks—the one that has just closed and the one that is still open. How it can aid Middletown's insurance company, Middletown's manufacturer, Middletown's coupon-clippers and the farmers who live in Middletown's back-country. How this assistance can seep through to the workmen in Middletown's plants, to the merchants, the insurance policyholders, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.

LET us start with the bank that is open—the Bank of Middletown. It is a Middletown institution through and through. The people who live in and around Middletown hold practically all the stock, make practically all the deposits and contract practically all the loans. The post-boom experience of the Bank of Middletown parallels that of American banks in general. Depression has decreased the bank's ability both to

attract deposits and to collect loans. One could not say which is giving the bank the greatest worry—the depositor or the borrower, that is, the creditor or the debtor. Unable to pay back the loan he contracted, the borrower forces the bank to renew his note or to take over his security. By either course what was originally viewed as a short-term loan is changed to a long-term loan. What was once a liquid asset becomes a frozen one. In the long run it may be a sound asset—probably is—but right now it is not convertible into cash without a forced sale which probably would depreciate the investments of this as well as other banks. Then there is the depositor. He not only puts less money into the bank but he demands that cash be instantly available for what he does put in—witness the recent run which the Bank of Middletown barely survived. Between these two forces—slow debtors and over-anxious creditors—the Bank of Middletown may be crushed.

Any layman can see what the Bank of Middletown needs—means of borrowing cash against its long-term loans just as from the Federal Reserve Bank it borrows cash against its commercial paper. The R. F. C. now provides that means. The Bank of Middletown can pick out its sound, but non-liquid, collateral, present it for the approval of the R. F. C. and secure cash in return. It will then have this cash to meet any run of its depositors and it will also have at least three years to pay it back—three years during which the bank may collect the loans which are frozen today. The Bank of Middletown can increase its ability not only to meet the demands of depositors but also to meet the needs of borrowers. Now let us step over to the Middletown Citizens Bank, which closed its doors late in December. It was one of the 2,290 banks to close during 1931. The Citizens Bank was solvent but its assets were not liquid enough to meet the demands of panicky depositors. Their run closed the bank and that tied up funds of a hundred Middletown business men and of a thousand Middletown citizens—to the detriment of Middletown business and buying. Because the Citizens Bank has sound assets, in time it may be able to reopen. But it takes time, and the more time the more curtailment of Middletown business. If the Citizens Bank could secure cash against a reasonable amount of its long-term loans

it could reopen tomorrow. That is exactly what it can secure from the R.F.C., which is empowered to lend up to \$200,000,000 to closed banks.

From the Citizens Bank let us go down a side street to the Smith Laundry. For months Mr. Smith has been anxious to purchase some machinery, machinery which would enable him to do better work at a smaller cost. The machinery would pay for itself in about three years. It would cost \$3,000. The only way that Mr. Smith can finance the purchase is by borrowing \$3,000 from the bank. He can give the bank a mortgage on his laundry but he must have three years to pay off the loan. Until the R.F.C. comes upon the scene he has no chance of getting it. The Citizens Bank cannot help him, for it is closed. The Bank of Middletown cannot help him, for, as the cashier told Mr. Smith, it is just the type of loan the bank cannot make in such times as these. To the Bank of Middletown it would mean decreasing its cash reserves when it is moving heaven and earth to increase them.

What a whale of a difference the R.F.C. can make. The Bank of Middletown, seeing that the R.F.C. is on the job, gives Mr. Smith a check for \$3,000 and takes a mortgage on his laundry. The Bank of Middletown's cash reserves are thus reduced by \$3,000. Too bad for the bank? Not at all. If the bank needs the cash it can take the mortgage to the R. F. C. and get it. But the effects of this transaction do not end there. It so happens that the very machinery desired by Mr. Smith is manufactured in Middletown. So the transaction between Mr. Smith and the Bank of Middletown has given the Middletown Iron Works a neat order and the Middletown ironworkers a small job. But it doesn't end there. Probably the Middletown Iron Works increases its bank deposits, giving the bank more money to loan. Probably the employees spend a little more money with the Middletown merchants. The one transaction between the bank and Mr. Smith could not, of course, materially alter the course of Middletown business but probably there are hundreds of more or less similar transactions, all impossible without the aid of the R.F.C. For instance, Mr. Brown, the obliging clerk at the largest clothing store, wishes to build a home but can-

not secure a long-term loan. The R.F.C. can enable the bank—or the building and loan association—to make the loan; it can thereby start another cycle affecting carpenters, lumbermen, brickmasons, brickyards, merchants, banks and so on.

UP TO now we have ignored three important classes of Middletown life. There are first, the Telfair Wimbledons and the Washington Williamsons who live on shaded old Elm Street. They are the coupon-clippers of Middletown. For so long that the memory of Middletowners runneth not to the contrary, their wealth has been in bonds, partly railroad bonds. They paid little or no attention to the boom of 1928-29 and scarcely more to the depression until, a few months ago, they learned of defaults on some of their bonds. Right now the Wimbledons need another automobile—they use one of the most expensive makes—and the Williamsons would like to install a new heating system. But with defaulted and depreciated bonds they are thinking in terms of an economy heretofore unknown to them. Suppose the R.F.C. steps in, as it is empowered, and loans the railroads \$200,000,000 to prevent further defaults. Suppose the R. F. C. is able, as it hopes to be, to prevent forced bond sales by banks and borrowers at the banks. Suppose the upshot of all this is a stronger bond market. The Wimbledons can then buy their automobile and the Williamsons can install their heating system; the Middletown automobile dealer can check up a sale and the Middletown plumber can go to a job; the effects can be felt in some Detroit auto plant and at the headquarters of the American Radiator Company.

Another Middletown group lives out in Suncrest Hills and plays a lot of golf. Their fortunes are part and parcel of the fortunes of the Middletown Insurance

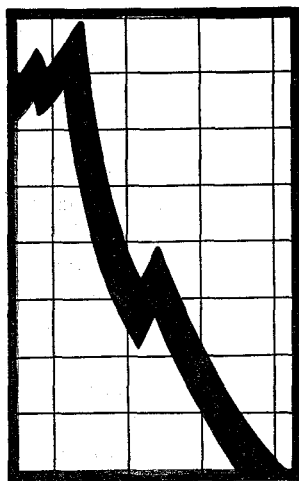
Company. Aside from the Hartford and New York City companies it is among the largest and strongest in the United States. But, like the companies of both Hartford and New York, it has experienced an unusual demand for loans on insurance policies. The demand is increasing—for the simple reason that policyholders need cash. The Middletown Insurance Company, like the Bank of Middletown, has invested heavily in mortgages. They are sound investments but they are not liquid. The insurance company, however, must have the cash which it has guaranteed its policyholders. If it cannot get the cash it cannot stay in the insurance business. Now the insurance company has bonds which it could sell for cash, though at a great sacrifice. But to sell the bonds would depreciate the market still more. Yet that is what the insurance company would have to do—would have to do but for the R.F.C. The R.F.C. can supply the Middletown Insurance Company with cash, lend it directly. This may not start any new wheels turning but it can save a lot of grief all down the line from the president of the insurance company to the humblest policyholder.

Examination of Middletown inevitably leads to the farmers thereabout. The politicians evidently think so, for into the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act they wrote a section authorizing the R.F.C. to turn over from fifty to 200 million dollars to the Secretary of Agriculture to lend to the farmers. You cannot look at this section without seeing that it is an obvious political gesture, designed primarily to capture farm votes. It may do it but that is about all. Some farmer near Middletown may get a slice of this fund but he will probably be an exception. This section provides neither enough money to go around nor any machinery to make it revolve. It is doubtful that any great value will accrue to Middletown from the loans to farmers. The much-publicized failure of the Federal Farm Board, plus its monumental losses, has not given honest people any reason to expect success of any Federal attempt to finance the farmer.

But back to Middletown itself. To say that it can receive great aid from the R. F. C. is not to say that it will. The R.F.C. has the machinery and the power to ease Middle-



town's credit strain. The result depends largely upon the wisdom of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—that is, the wisdom of the seven directors who are in fact the R.F.C. Their job is most difficult, their path beset with danger. They must aid not one but thousands of Middletowns. The aid that is extended to one will indirectly, of course, aid the other. But the directors must watch carefully lest they be too cautious in extending credit, watch more carefully lest they be not cautious enough. All the funds of the R.F.C. will come from governmental borrowing. The R.F.C. is authorized to draw \$500,000,000 from the United States Treasury but there is no \$500,000,000 there. So the United States Treasury will have to get \$500,000,000 by borrowing. The R.F.C. is also authorized to secure \$1,500,000,000 more through the sale of its own bonds. This does not mean that the R.F.C. bonds will be sold to the public. The banks would not touch them for they would bear the stigma of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Acts stipulation that "such obligations shall not be eligible for discount or purchase by any Federal Reserve Bank." What the bankers expect is that the R.F.C. will sell its bonds to the United States Treasury which will secure funds by selling its own bonds—bonds which are eligible for discount and purchase by any Federal Reserve Bank. So in the end the Bank of Middletown may itself buy bonds and provide the United States Treasury with funds to buy R.F.C. bonds and provide the R.F.C. with cash to lend to the Bank of Middletown. Hence, to say that Uncle Sam is coming to the aid of Middletown is to state only a half-truth. The Middletowners are coming to their own aid. In a way they are lifting themselves by their own bootstraps. They are cooperating with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in a gigantic effort to ease credit, to keep the wheels of industry turning, to open the bank which is closed and to strengthen the bank which is shaky. There is every probability that if the thing is done correctly the change in the Middletown banking situation which may result will produce a change in the Middletown psychology, will show depositors that they gained nothing through their runs on the banks, and will deliver an effective blow against hoarding.



never specified what they would pay, and assurances that I would take any salary brought the reply:—"Yes, but you are worth much more, and undoubtedly you will not be content to work for what we can pay you. You will get another position paying more, and then we will have to have all the trouble of getting a new man and breaking him in to our business. No, Mr. Blank, we are sorry, but a man of your experience and personality should have no trouble in getting a good position."

In one agency which had a position calling for the writing of radio continuity—and I had had experience in doing some of this work—I received the stereotyped order, when I had filled in my application:—

"If we want you, we will notify you. Do not call us on the phone, or come in. If we want you we will let you know."

Reports of the results of these interviews, made to my wife's relatives—and they had to be made, as I was checked, double-checked and cross-checked on my movements—usually brought sniffs or outright declarations of disbelief.

It was a week after I had made application for the radio position that I was told that I should call at the agency and remind them I had heard nothing from them.

I did so, telling the interviewer that

I had been in the building and thought I would drop in. The interviewer asked me my name, had one of his girls secure my application and then questioned me.

Had I been told not to call the agency on the phone, or make a personal visit?

Yes.

Had I been told that if I was wanted that I would be notified?

Yes.

"Well," ripping my application across and

throwing it in the waste-basket, "perhaps you will learn to obey orders and do what you are told. Get out!"

By this time I felt beaten. There seemed to be no way in which I could get back on my feet. The feeling that I was beaten was aggravated by the fact that I had to render an accounting to each and every one of my wife's relatives

I Lost My Job

(Continued from Page 176)

who cared to question me, as to where I had gone, what I had done, whom I had seen, why I had not sold insurance, and what I expected would become of us all unless I soon began to be a producer. Then, too, my agency head kept telling me that he could not understand why I did not sell insurance, and that unless I soon turned in some business my contract would be cancelled. I had turned in two policies. On one of these my commission was \$19.45, and on the other I had to sacrifice my commission of \$8.50 because I wouldn't get the business otherwise, but at least it was something to show that I was trying to get ahead.

My own personal insurance—all but \$1,500 of which had lapsed because I couldn't pay the premiums—totalled some \$16,000. All carried a double indemnity clause in case of death by accident. This meant that if I could arrange my death so that it would appear to be an accident my wife would receive \$32,000, less the amounts I had borrowed against my policies.

Several times I stationed myself in front of crowds at subway or elevated stations, hoping that I might be pushed off in front of a train. There would be no doubt but what it *was* an accident. But each time just as the train came in I fought my way back to safety. I had become too much of a coward to commit suicide.

During these months I would be told by relatives that they had been speaking to someone who had an idea by which I could make some money, and these persons were interviewed.

The usual suggestion was that I endeavor to build up a new line of business for myself. But I had no capital. Well, in that case why not register myself with one of the professional job-finding agencies. These places, however, charged a fee—anywhere from \$10 to \$50 depending upon the agency—for sending the information concerning you to prospective employers throughout the United States. If you didn't secure a position you didn't get your initial fee back, and if you did you were charged anywhere from a week's to a month's salary in addition. Of course, charging an initial fee maintained the offices of most of these concerns, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain if one of their clients should connect with a position.

These things were known to me because of information I had gathered dur-

ing my career as a reporter, but explanations to this effect brought the reply that I was "too lazy" or didn't want to work.

My father, whom I had placed in a home where he could be cared for, following my mother's death, could no longer be kept in the home. I couldn't make the payments of \$50 a month, and he was released and was placed in a County Home—"poorhouse" being too harsh a word to describe the place. He is there to this day.

My father-in-law died, and with his death came the news that the entire family would have to move from the apartment they were occupying so that they could cut down expenses. There is no income except what is given by my brothers-in-law. Three rooms would be taken for my mother-in-law, a brother-in-law and my sister-in-law, who, since her father's death, has decided to return home.

I have appealed to relatives on my mother's side of the family whom I have never seen, and who know of me only through letters she had written them shortly before her death. I stated my case to them, and they sent me \$10. With this, and the same amount secured from an old newspaper crony, my wife and I, with our baby, have taken a furnished room where we have paid \$8 a week—in advance. This leaves me with \$12.

Japan—Conqueror of Asia?

(Continued from Page 174)

ciety and even of the ancient god-descended Royal House. The other danger is that a vigorous policy of imperialist expansion, as recommended by the former Premier Tanaka, may bring their country into collision with the Great Powers, and particularly England and the United States. But of the two dangers the latter, namely, a vigorous policy of imperialism, appears the less dangerous.

The United States is regarded as being obsessed with her own economic and financial difficulties, while the peace-at-any-price movement in the United States is regarded as strong enough to prevent any drastic measures by Washington. What the Japanese imperialists overlook is the moral strength of this very peace movement.

England is looked upon as being in great economic difficulties also. Therefore the opposition of their own Foreign Minister, Baron Shidehara, who is better informed of the real state of American and English opinion, was overridden last fall. The decision was taken to choose the supposedly lesser danger of conquest and exploitation.

What of the powers most nearly concerned?

So far their policy has been weak, divided and undecided. In September, 1931, when Japan first advanced on Mukden, vigorous action by the League of Nations under the Covenant would probably have tipped the balance in favor of the peace party of Japan. Unfortunately, the newly formed national government in Britain had a new Foreign Minister who was also a Liberal, Sir John Simon. Simon had edged his way into the government with difficulty and held this important portfolio on the sufferance of the predominate Conservative majority. Prior to the general elec-



This Month's Contributors

Commander J. M. Kenworthy is a representative of the Labor party in the British House of Commons. He is a retired naval officer, traveler, lecturer and author, who has gained an influential position in the political affairs of his country.

Lillian Lee is a New York newspaper woman. Her work as an interviewer has been widely syndicated. She has also contributed to magazines.

Lorine Pruette is a consulting psychologist and author. She will be remembered by the OUTLOOK readers for her article, "Why Women Fail."

Don Wharton is a member of the OUTLOOK staff who has worked for newspapers in North Carolina, Boston and New York City.



tion landslide the Marquis of Reading, another Liberal, held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and, though it was his weakness in September which first gave encouragement to the Japanese militarists, Sir John Simon failed to restore the situation in October, November and December.

In order to placate the Conservative majority in Parliament, Simon thought it necessary to be more sympathetic to the Japanese even than the Conservative "die-hards." Briand, the French Foreign Minister, was in a weak position also, indeed tottering to his fall, prior to his dismissal by Laval. The blunder of the autumn of 1931, therefore, was serious and little guidance or help came from Washington.

A more serious blunder, however, was perpetrated in January, 1932. Secretary of State Stimson undoubtedly invited England and France and other powers to present a joint note to Japan with regard to the Open Door in Manchuria. Both England and France declined to present a joint note, both of them be-

lieving that the best way to deal with Japan was to show an ultra-friendly and sympathetic attitude. Separate notes, therefore, were presented by the United States and England. The United States note was stiff and peremptory. The English note was sympathetic, conciliatory and, indeed, a condonation of Japan's actions. These separate notes, so different in their tone, naturally confirmed the Japanese imperialists in their belief that the Western Powers were divided.

What should be done now?

Japan can be saved from her own imperialists by England and America acting together and threatening a commercial, financial, social and diplomatic boycott. They would most probably be joined by Holland because of the Dutch interests in Asia. These three nations between them control practically all the world's rubber, tin, oil, jute, cotton and other essential raw materials needed by any industrial nation, especially Japan. After China, the United States is the most important market for Japanese manufactures, India being third, while England is not unimportant. The closing of these markets to Japanese trade would bring Japan to her knees in a very short time, whereas the imperialist plan of expansion requires at least a fifteen- or twenty-year program. Short of making war, which no sane person desires, this is the only way in which Japan can be stopped. It is the only way to prevent a series of future world wars, so injurious in their effect as to shake the entire fabric of civilization.

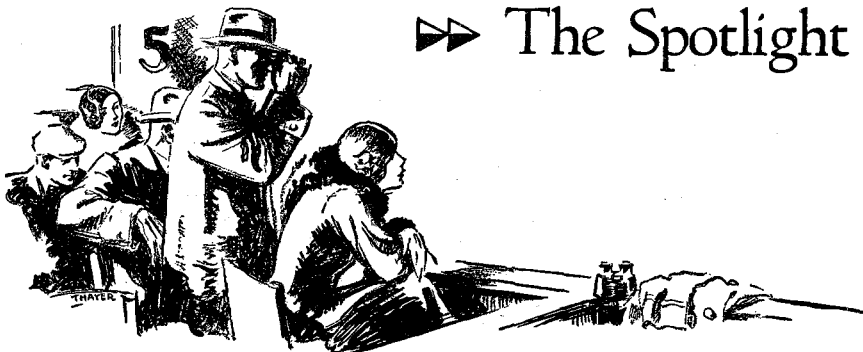
Backstage in Washington

(Continued from Page 171)

machines cannot run smoothly if the patronage originating in the offices of county sheriff, county clerk and county commissioners disappears.

In short, the prohibition problem will not down, despite Mr. Roosevelt's demand that it be subordinated to economic issues. It is giving the G. O. P. as much concern as the Democrats. National Chairman Sim Fess finds it almost impossible to collect funds from Republican wets, and employees at G. O. P. headquarters here never know from one month to another whether they will get their salary in full or at all. Influential delegations insist that Mr. Hoover abandon his Anti-Saloon League attitude and serious defection in several large states has been prevented only by White House intervention. The "noble experiment," it seems, will not do as a slogan twice in the same place.

A. F. C.



►► The Spotlight on Sports ◄◄

►► International Good Will

"BIGGER and better bickering" appears to be the slogan of the 1932 Olympiad. At least Lake Placid's frosted prelude to the Los Angeles renewal of the games instituted by the ancient Greeks was featured by the squabbling, petty jealousies and racial acrimonies that have marked all the modern revivals of this Hellenic athletic festival.

Still, it's easy to be cynical and capacious. The theory that international competition on the sports field would promote good will among the nations was based on a Utopian premise. Competition implies a struggle. If the competitors, utterly devoid of any will to win, adopted a meek, turn-the-other-cheek policy savoring of "passive resistance," the Olympiad would develop into a counterpart of a strawberry festival.

Personally, I like my Olympiads spiced by the inevitable arguments. It shows that the contestants "mean it"—that they attribute real importance to victory. That's as it should be, but for heaven's sake don't let's fall for all the blurbs and propaganda dished out by Olympic press agents.

Grown men become little boys when they start to play. Even if there is no international angle to a given match or sport, quarrels crop out. That's human nature. This normal combativeness is increased when you introduce the element of national pride and throw together a bunch of young men who don't speak each other's language, play the same rules or entertain the same notion as to what constitutes fair play. Of course there's going to be friction—the wonder of it is that the Olympiads are as free from really serious rows as they are. If we don't start with the silly idea that these games are a cross between a Chautauqua clambake and a Sunday School picnic we shall discover that they provide an excellent outlet for the chauvinism that is a normal by-product of the nationalistic system.

►► Row About Skating

THE skating races prompted most of the bitterness at Lake Placid. It was appar-

ent even before a racing blade bit ice that there was going to be trouble because of the divergent methods under which ice races are conducted in America and abroad.

We Americans favor the man against man method of staging a skating race. The whole field is sent off together from a standing start. If the field is unwieldy it is split up in sections and the race run in heats. Under our system there is naturally going to be crowding on the curves, with all that implies in the way of elbowing, shoving, and in extreme cases, tripping.

Europeans run their skating races against time from a running start. Each man has a free ice lane. He is secure from jostling or elbowing. He competes against the clock, must make his own pace. In previous winter Olympiads speed skating competitors started at predetermined intervals. They themselves didn't know who had won until the clockers announced the elapsed time.

The European system throttles the thrill of competition for contestant and spectator. It reduces competitors to automatons racing against the clock. For the spectator it is a dull, monotonous exhibition of speed skating. They can't cheer the victor until the chief timer figures out the result.

Vapid though it be, the foreign method is the fairer test of ability for races above the sprint distance because it eliminates "loafing." For instance, a ten thousand meter contestant must hold the fastest pace he can throughout the entire distance under the European system. Our American method, conversely, gives free scope to "jockeying." At Lake Placid, for example, the cagey Yanks and Canucks would lay off the early pace—deliberately stay back in the ruck—and then, still fresh, unleash an irresistible speed burst at the finish.

Pretty soon the foreign skaters began imitating these Fabian tactics. Everybody hung back! It got so none of the competitors in the 5,000 or 10,000 meter races (approximately three and six miles) would set the pace because the man out in front used up energy battling the wind. He bore the full brunt of the breeze—acted as wind-breaker for his rivals.

In desperation the stewards improvised a rule to curb loafing. They decreed that each man in the field must take turns setting the pace for one or more laps! The heats already completed in absurdly slow time were thrown out; the 10,000 meter race was ordered rerun under the "emergency code" rules.

As obedient as Prussian grenadiers, the competitors alternated in leading the field, implicitly following instructions. The whole performance seemed cut and dried—as mechanical as a stencil. Personal initiative went into the discard. It was a strange, wooden performance.

In the end Irving Jaffee of the U. S. A. repeated the victory he had won in the race declared null and void; so the Americans were happy. At least the elbowing and tripping that had marred the earlier race were not again in evidence.

The Yankee loafing tactics were obviously employed to capitalize the sprinting prowess of our skaters. Just why the Norwegians and Finns, who were supposed to excel in the endurance phase of speed skating, permitted the Yanks to make a glorified sprint out of the distance races is hard to answer. Apparently they deliberately permitted themselves to be outgeneraled. Their cue was to forget all about the Yankee dawdlers and go out from the gun to skate against time.

►► Row About Bobs

NOBODY got killed in the bobsled races. This lack of blood-letting dulled the zest of the thousands of spectators who made a last minute rush on Lake Placid, their ghoulish appetites whetted by reports of the carnage in the practice runs when two German bobsleds were catapulted over the rim of the steeply banked curves, injuring the riders severely though not fatally. Their escape from death was miraculous—one sled soaring like a plane through the air for nearly 200 feet above a crag-strewn gulch. It barely missed several trees.

Those dress rehearsal accidents made the bob run officials more nervous than the contestants. The stewards turned the course over to Erwin Hackman of Germany and Albert Meyer of Belgium, who proceeded to slow up the glare ice chute by applying a top dressing of snow.

This worked fine for the two-man or boblet races. Then came a thaw which turned the slide into a gutter brimming with slush. A blizzard followed just in time to get the four-seater race under way. It hadn't been in progress long before the pilots protested that the run was

too slow. A Belgian and a German can be as obstinate as two Missouri mules. The Messrs. Hackman and Meyer refused to heed the clamor and have the snow shoveled off the turns. If the pilots wanted to break their necks, well and good, but the two supervisors wouldn't be accessories before the fact of manslaughter.

This explains the relatively slow time made by Fiske, who successfully defended his Olympic title in the four-man bob event. Even the reckless Homberger, who had the fastest single run—1 min. 54 3/10 seconds—was more than two seconds behind his own record, made last winter.

Bobsledding, the champagne of recreational sports, doesn't lend itself to competition. When the victor has to be decided by a delicate electrical timing apparatus sensitive enough to catch one-hundredths of a second the whole thing seems too finicky and hair splitting to be worth shouting about. Hurrah! We win the bobsled title by one and fifty-four one-hundredths seconds! That's about what this style of racing amounts to.

Though two of the Stevens boys—you can't move at Lake Placid without tripping over a Stevens—captured the boblet title, a slim Swiss sophomore from Zurich University was the hero of the Mt. Van Hoevenberg slide. Reto Capadrutt, steering with tiller ropes instead of by automobile wheel, forced the Stevens brothers to shatter all records though he was handicapped by a lack of ballast.

Oscar Geier, the Swiss brakeman, weighs fifty pounds less than Curtis Stevens. Those fifty pounds more than accounted for the infinitesimal difference in time. Beef on the hoof—if the pilot be about equal—decides bobsled races.

I think it was rather a pity that the Stevens boys heated their sled runners with a blow torch to lessen skin friction caused by clinging snow. No doubt this stunt was perfectly legal but it gave Europeans who are always looking for evidence of Yankee guile a chance to wag their heads and say, "Ah, those Americans!"

►► Skating Queen

THE incomparable Sonja Henie, a provocative dimple in each rosy cheek, defended her figure-skating title as easily as everyone thought she would. In fact ease is her silent skating attribute—that quality of effortlessness which conceals even as it reveals her art. Her serene repose in the midst of figures which you know must call for vigorous muscular exercise is a baffling contradiction that jibes with the little ghost of a smile which flits about

(Continued on Page 194)



What makes a PLEASURE CRUISE?

40 Years Ago

Hamburg-American sent out the first cruise from America. Since then, we have pioneered every new cruise-land. Such experience qualifies us to speak authoritatively on the perfect cruise.

THE BOAT—Is it designed, appointed especially for cruising? Complete from Swimming Pool to Dance-Salon, from Tennis Court to Veranda Cafe? Is service deft, meticulous, always unobtrusive? Is Cuisine the pride and tradition of a LINE, and of a variety transcending any single nationality? Do the public rooms lend charm to every social function, the cabins invite rest? Is there air-conditioning throughout the ship to make every climate ideal? Are deck-spaces generous? Yes, all this and much more, on the

"Ideal Cruising Steamship"

RELIANCE

THE PEOPLE—Is there only one class aboard—First Class? Are numbers so limited to the uncrowded facilities of the ship that, while you have companionships aplenty, there is never the submerging of the individual? Exactly, and always, on the

RELIANCE

Ask Your Agent . . .

for he receives reports from returned voyagers and knows the acclaim of the RELIANCE whether she cruises to the West Indies as on Feb. 20, March 12, April 2, or to Northern Wonderlands on July 2nd. Splendid Rooms, Suites are available for the RELIANCE Cruises at surprising reductions.



Sailing
MARCH 12
For 18 Days

WEST INDIES

So. & Cent.
AMERICA

April 2nd—Easter
West Indies Cruise



LAND of the MIDNIGHT SUN & RUSSIA

Sailing
JULY 2nd
For 35 Days

Authorized Agents
or Branch Offices in all Cities.

39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

H
A
M
B
U
R
G
A
M
E
R
I
C
A
N
L
I
N
E

►► New Films and Plays ◄◄



and NOW

TAKE YOUR SCOTCH CAREFULLY

When you long for pastures new, it is time to think of Scotland and the Scotch. Scotland is a romantic land suggesting heathered moorlands—the hurrying of Jacobite armies—the vivid lives of Wallace and Bruce—and fiery stories of life and love. Go North to Edinburgh from London, it is only eight and a quarter hours away in the "FLYING SCOTSMAN." Edinburgh Castle perched on the dizzy heights stands grim and triumphant in its long fight with time. Ancient Holyrood is linked with Mary Queen of Scots and Bonnie Prince Charlie. Nearby Stirling seems to breathe of long-forgotten centuries. By the high altar of Melrose Abbey lies the heart of Bruce and the remains of the great Earl Douglas. Although Sir Walter Scott is buried at Dryburgh, Abbotsford, where he lived, is the Poet's greatest shrine. Dryburgh, too, is the eternal resting place of the famous British Commander in the Great War—Field Marshal Earl Haig. At Balmoral you will see the Highland home of the King and Queen. Let us take you through the Western Highlands where the lochs and glens will provoke the poets among you. And golf! Why, the very sight of St. Andrews in our booklets is enough to make the most ardent stay-at-home reach for the clubs and shout "Fore" right in the parlor. Write for our new booklet and let the natural color views convince you.

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent

11 West 42nd Street, New York

**LONDON
AND NORTH EASTERN
RAILWAY**

OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Bookings and reservations from any
tourist agency that knows its job.

WITH the whole world profoundly excited by wars, financial distress and the stupidity of its politicians, Hollywood is still prattling prettily on about romantic love and pale pink sex. No matter what locale, race or period of history they depict, love appears to be all that matters. Chiefly Hollywood is still obsessed with shoddy, rayon-draped boudoir epics featuring tentative rape which, after all, girls, is the safest kind. The films are sticky and stink faintly of cheap perfume. Hollywood makes its movies shoddy and phoney purposely because it is convinced that you and I—the American masses—are shoddy and phoney and will resent an honest movie. You may take this as an insult, but it won't get you anywhere. This is a democracy and intelligence is something to be ashamed of. It may be more interesting to consider *The Road to Life*, the first full-length Soviet talkie to reach this country. English titles make it easily understood, and it is the only film of the past month with any honesty or vitality in spite of the fact that it is of course propaganda for the Soviet scheme. The titles are by Mike Gold, editor of the class-conscious *New Masses*, New York Communist monthly, and are even more aggressive than the film itself, which pictures graphically and rather amusingly the wild, homeless children ("bezprizornie") who overran Russia until 1923. At this time the government started gathering them into "Collectives" and making them into good Soviet shoemakers and carpenters. At first these filthy little brats are like wild animals, stealing food and scuttling fearfully up and down streets. Captured and asked what he most wants, one bedraggled villain of about fourteen beamingly answers "vodka and girls." *The Road to Life* preaches the gospel of hard work and clean living (no vodka or girls) quite consistently, but for all its Rover Boy bias it is skilfully made and amazingly interesting.

Americans suspicious of "propaganda" movies made for the "masses" may observe a curious fact. Russian films are obviously planned and executed by a few intelligent individuals, whereas American movies, cut to order from hundreds of thousands of the stupidest fan letters the producers can find, are true and actual mass or proletarian entertainment. By actual count Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett are the mass choice. If they were allowed in Russia, who knows but what they might become tremendous favorites there too? *The Road to Life* is not the best of the Russian films, but a

zest and a holy enthusiasm went into its making which Hollywood, burdened with its masses dropping daily votes in the box offices, can rarely achieve.

High Pressure, with William Powell as a super-salesman of worthless stock, is the only new American movie which even connects with what is going on in the world. It is about two years late, of course, but it is lively and strikes home. As an immaculately dressed spellbinder Mr. Powell gives the best performance of his career. Moralists and just plain citizens may note, however, that contrary to movie tradition the crook is unpunished for cheating widows and orphans. A silly fluke saves his skin, and American business ostensibly goes careening on to bigger and phonier things. As usual Hollywood is in terror of criticising an industry, even stock swindling.

►► Marlene, Marie, etc., etc.

Shanghai Express (which resembles a Soviet film, *China Express*) gives us another look at Marlene Dietrich and that's about all. Von Sternberg's camera work holds the eye and the cast includes Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna May Wong, but the story lacks any particular excitement. Marlene and the others are passengers on a train held up by Chinese bandits, Mr. Oland appearing as the usual Oriental menace. Aside from some beautiful (but very modest) pictures of Miss Dietrich, *Shanghai Express* is just another well-made movie melodrama.

Emma is something sentimental, calculated to give Marie Dressler a chance to reduce her audiences to tears—which she does. She isn't actually a mother, only the housekeeper for a large family of motherless children. By and by they grow up and throw her out, and it's terribly, terribly sad. Only Marie Dressler saves it and makes it seem real . . . but then she could undoubtedly talk herself into a part in *Hamlet* if she set her mind to it.

The Man Who Played God displays the venerable George Arliss as a concert pianist who loses his hearing. It is an outdated morality play, wretchedly written and acted by all concerned, including Mr. Arliss.

Lovers Courageous (talk by Frederick Lonsdale) has the novelty of a love story in which neither of the young people is bothered by a past. Robert Montgomery is charming and Madge Evans is a very pleasant young lady indeed.

Murders in the Rue Morgue, the latest epic to scare baby, is too shoddy, too stagey and too absurd to frighten any-

Films and Plays Worth Seeing

ARROWSMITH: Ronald Colman in an honest and exciting film made from Sinclair Lewis' novel about a young scientist.

BROKEN LULLABY: (First called MAN I KILLED) Lubitsch's film of a man who can't forget the war.

HELL DIVERS: Wallace Beery and swell pictures of the U. S. Fleet.

HIGH PRESSURE: (William Powell—see below).

LIED IST AUS: (In German) Nice German waltzes, also Liane Haid.

PRIVATE LIVES: Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery being amusing.

ROAD TO LIFE: (Soviet talkie—see below).

UNION DEPOT: Good old-time movie melodrama with chases, locomotives, etc.

ANIMAL KINGDOM: Leslie Howard—the mistress proves better than the wife.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Operetta with Jerome Kern's tuneful music.

GOOD FAIRY: Helen Hayes, back on the stage in a charming fantasy.

LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn and more of his cockeyed "inventions."

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Eugene O'Neill's latest report on God, sex, fate and our New England ancestors—from 5.30—11.30 P. M.

OF THEE I SING: Boisterous political burlesque—Gershwin music.

REUNION IN VIENNA: The Lunts in a play about unemployed nobility.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: Helen Chandler in a slightly insane farce.

body. It is based, very insecurely, on Poe's story.

The Greeks Had a Word For Them is another example of a sprightly stage farce which has had all the sand taken out of it by timid producers and censors.

The New Plays

While dramatizations of historical incidents tend to be stuffy and unreal, *If Booth Had Missed* is pretty fair entertainment. Arthur Goodman, who wrote the piece, tries to prove that even if John Wilkes Booth had not succeeded in killing Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Lincoln would have been impeached for "treason" by his enemies two years later, acquitted, and then finally murdered in the Senate chamber itself. Mr. Goodman's idea is that the jealousies and bitternesses which finally bring Lincoln's death in the play were germinating at the very time Booth fired his shot, and that the President's death at that time simply prevented a more involved plot. *If Booth Had Missed* is aided by the fact that Mr. Goodman has made Lincoln talk the way you feel he should and would talk were he faced with the events of the play.

▷▷ "Blessed Event"

Walter Winchell and his now widely syndicated column of Broadway gossip have been taken for a rapid-fire sleigh-ride in one of the fastest and most raucously amusing plays since *The Front Page*. *Blessed Event* tells of the rise of Alvin Roberts (obviously Walter Winchell) from a lowly post on a New York tabloid to its most-often-sued and most-feared keyhole-peeking columnist. Alvin is pictured as at once sharp, vindictive and petty, and sentimental, generous and naïve . . . naïve in the sense that he never realizes until too late how much tragedy can be caused by his prying into private affairs. For incongruity's sake, he lives with his dear old mother, a plump lady who just loves radio crooners, and who is quite unconscious of her boy's sneaking and snooping and of the large bribes he gives hospital attendants and bellhops for bits of gossip. *Blessed*

Event is directed at a breathless pace which brings an endless succession of sudden shattering laughs. It ends with Alvin phoning an announcement of his own marriage in to his paper . . . "and a blessed event is expected!"

▷▷ "Face the Music"

A second musical satire in a month seems almost too good to be true (the first was *Of Thee I Sing*), but Irving Berlin, Moss Hart and Sam Harris have turned out a sly and impudent burlesque of New York City's political circus which practically pulls all the fur off the Tammany tiger's tail. Among other things *Face the Music* shows who has all the money . . . the police. While Commissioner Meshbesh and his wife (Mary Boland) live in a gigantic penthouse attended by fantastic flunkies, Manhattan's four hundred are shown dropping nickels into slots in the automat. When a producer wants to put on a show nobody has the money to back him but the police, and most of the action concerns the staging of an atrocity known as the *Rhinestone Revue*, which is actually a parody of all the movie house stage shows ever seen. Irving Berlin has some first-class tunes and Moss Hart's book is clever enough to run on its own account. Songs you are likely to hear a good deal are *Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee* and *Manhattan Madness*.

There's Always Juliet, by John Van Druten, offers an evening of exceedingly British and exceedingly refined entertainment, and, due to Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, it is quite satisfactory. Absolutely nothing at all happens during the evening except that a well-bred British girl so far forgets the Empire as to fall extravagantly in love with an American . . . but, as she says, "he's not like an American at all . . . when you get to know them, quite a few of them aren't."

The Fatal Alibi is notable chiefly for Charles Laughton's performance as a jolly, bouncing French detective. The piece comes from the novel, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*.

CREIGHTON PEET.



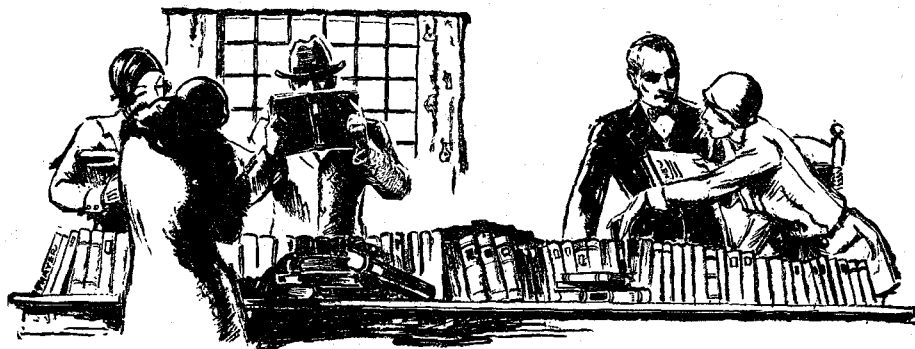
Your sport's here in Glacier Park!

Activity's the fashion up here on the top of America—horseback rides on mile-high trails, golf and hiking, fishing for rainbow trout, mountain climbing, back-to-nature camping trips, dude ranching at its smartest, or a lazy search for suntan. You'll like Glacier Park! Summer fares from the East are the lowest in history. Write Great Northern Vacations, Department F-2-2, St. Paul, Minnesota.



EMPIRE BUILDER
to Glacier Park, the Northwest and California

▷ The New Books ◁



THE materials a novelist can use most convincingly—and most easily—lie in his own past experience. That is why so many novels have novelists as heroes. It also explains why, when the hero is not a novelist, so much emphasis is put on his home life, his affairs with women, his amusements—all the interests that lie outside his business, profession or trade, details concerning which are apt to be only very sketchily supplied. Yet a man's work occupies most of his waking hours; his reactions to life are conditioned by it as much as if not more than by any other factor; and to omit all details concerning it is to give a very incomplete and lopsided picture. Of course now and then a soldier or a doctor or an advertising man writes a novel, but these books as a rule deal so exclusively with the profession considered that they too fail to give a true picture. They are stories of war, of medical practice, of the advertising business. The characters are rigid, set in advance; they can show no growth because they are not alive. But once in a great while along comes a book like Neil Bell's *Life and Andrew Otway*¹. Here the chief interest is in character, but all the elements that form and change it are given true value. You see Andrew first, through the eyes of his adopted son, Martin, as an eccentric, kindly, boastful, slipshod man of forty, proprietor of a boot and shoe shop in the little English seaside town of Sen-
wich. You see his extraordinary zest for life and his inventiveness carry him through one business venture after another, through a dozen failures to the idea which, as Replacements Limited, gave him the start that carried him eventually to the top of the financial ladder. You meet his mistress, Brenda Herage, his associate, Cole, whose niece Gillian Martin loved so disastrously, and dozens of other characters whose lives touched and influenced his. And you see his mad extravagances and his frustrated love for Brenda gradually preparing the disaster that in the end overwhelmed him. *Life and Andrew Otway* is a splen-

1. Putnam, \$2.50.

did novel. Although there is a good deal too much of the sort of "moralizing" that we had to skip in the old Victorian novelists, it has a fine sweep. It reminds us somewhat of Tono-Bungay, though we say that merely as an indication of its position, not as a comparison. *Life and Andrew Otway* stands on its own feet. It is, by the way, the February choice of the Book League of America.

A FAR more unusual book is Christopher Ward's *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew*², one of the best picaresque novels we have ever read. Here is a grand panorama of America in the eighteen-twenties. Jonathan Drew begins life as a saddler's apprentice in Worcester, Mass. He runs away, joins a highwayman, goes in for a little horse stealing, and when his partner is captured and condemned and his plan for rescue fails, makes for New York. Here, as coachman for a religious maniac, he becomes mixed up in the strange affair of Emanuel the Shiloh, and having assisted at the death, during the yellow fever epidemic, of that poisoner and false Messiah, heads westward. After various adventures he meets Richard Biddle of Philadelphia, with whom he takes a flat-boat trip down the Ohio to Louisville, and then by horse to St. Louis, meeting and talking with all sorts of wayfarers, fighting occasionally, and having at least one very narrow escape from robbers. After a bear hunt in the Ozarks they travel to Chillicothe, where Jonathan takes leave of Biddle, and settles down for a time. There is an interval of marriage, and pioneer life in a cabin, then Jonathan's wife dies, and he takes to the road again. For a time he travels with Wainwright, itinerant Methodist preacher and rough-and-tumble fighter, then with a company of traveling players, and having rejoined Wainwright comes to his final and most exciting adventure, the recapture of two stolen slaves from a gang of river pirates. Many of the characters are drawn from real people of the period, and the whole book is based on

2. Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.

close study of contemporary records,—biographies, reminiscences, histories, travel guides and maps. In less expert hands it might have turned out a rather dry compilation. But Mr. Ward, with whose brilliant and sympathetic parodies you are probably familiar, has transmuted these elements into a thoroughly convincing, picturesque and exciting story.

Less important, but exceptionally entertaining, are Tarkington's *Mary's Neck*³ and Elmer Davis' *White Pants Willie*⁴. The former is told by Mr. Massey, president of the Logansville Light and Power Company, who when he brought his wife and daughters East and took for the summer a cottage in the exclusive New England seaside resort of Mary's Neck, stepped into a world that he didn't at all understand, a world of suspicious natives and antique shops and art colonies and influential families. Mr. Massey watches from the outside the efforts of his family to make the social grade. One gathers that he is rather in the way except when his checkbook is open. But his comments are shrewd and amusing, and if the situations into which Enid and Clarissa and Mrs. Massey get themselves are at times farcical, there is plenty of truth under the surface. The book is grand light comedy, and contains at least half a dozen hilarious characters whom you will not easily forget. It is the February choice of the Book of the Month Club.

White Pants Willie chronicles the meteoric rise of Willie Bascom. They laughed at him when he wore his white pants in Sloanestown, so he packed them up and with sixteen dollars in his pocket set out for Florida. This was in the boom days. Now Willie wore his white pants with an air, and so when he practically picked up Helen Charters, and got Dudley Hills—who also had once worn white pants in Sloanestown—to stake him, you can see what the outcome was to be. Of course it was a little difficult for Willie when Helen's father offered to let him in on the ground floor of the Fountain City development, for where was the \$50,000 to come from? And to admit that he didn't have \$50,000 would close every door in Palm Beach to him. Well, we won't give away the ingenious climax, because we know you'll enjoy reading about it yourself.

FOUR books of short stories have appeared this month, one of them—*Men in Darkness*⁵—by a new writer, James Hanley. These are rather terrible and tragic stories of stevedores, stokers and greasers,—the underdogs, to whom a run of luck means merely a little less

3. Doubleday, \$2.00.

4. Bobbs Merrill, \$2.00.

5. Knopf, \$2.50.

MACMILLAN BOOKS for the Discriminating Reader

HUMAN RELATIONS

GLENN FRANK - *Thunder and Dawn*
America's Appointment with Destiny

Full of adventurous thinking about the problems confronting Western Civilization, this powerful book analyzes the up-to-date machinery and the old-fashioned ideas dominating our social structure. \$4.00

NORMAN THOMAS - *As I See It*

Mr. Thomas' social ideal, "social salvation without catastrophe, and with a minimum of confusion and disorder," set forth in this lucid continuation of "America's Way Out." \$2.00

VERSE

PADRAIC COLUM - *Poems*

The collected edition of Mr. Colum's poems will be hailed by his large American audience. \$2.50

RABINDRANATH TAGORE - *Sheaves:*

Poems and Songs

A book of new translations from the verse of India's great poet and seer. \$1.75

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The Yoke of Thunder

A worthy companion to Mr. Coffin's earlier volumes, "Golden Falcon" and "Portrait of an American." \$1.50

STOPFORD A. BROOKE and T. W. ROLLESTON

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Language

A revised and enlarged edition of this standard anthology. \$3.00

FICTION

ANDRE MALVIL

The Seven Stars

A literary find, this subtle story of a frightened worldling who escapes from fear and finds his soul in a series of calamities. It is the work of a young French novelist, new to America. \$2.00

ALICE BROWN

The Kingdom in the Sky

A novel about Heaven, fantastic and rich with the quiet humor of this much loved writer who has produced no full length novel for several years. \$2.50

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A Clue From the Stars

A mystery story by the distinguished author of "The Grey Room." "Mr. Phillpotts writes well and holds your interest to the end." —HARRY HANSEN in *The World-Telegram*. \$2.00

ANNE AUSTIN

One Drop of Blood

"Murder at Bridge" and "Murder Backstairs" placed Miss Austin "definitely among the best writers of detective stories." We believe her new thriller to be the best she has written. The scene is laid in a psychiatric hospital; the actors are chosen with great skill to achieve a maximum of delicious horror. \$2.00

Preliminary prices subject to change on publication day

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

CHICAGO

BOSTON

ATLANTA

DALLAS

NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO

SCIENCE

HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

Fact, The Romance of Mind

Tracing the history of human credulity and conviction through magic to modern science and philosophy, this book explains how the mind apprehends and constructs what it takes to be facts. \$2.50

SIR JAMES JEANS

The Mysterious Universe

A revised edition of this classic by a great scientist. The price is reduced. \$1.00

BIOGRAPHY

RICHARD A. BERMAN

The Mahdi of Allah

A Drama of the Sudan

This strange story of the Dervish leader who killed Gordon, sacked Khartoum, and swept the Sudan, is a thrilling piece of writing and a valuable contribution to history. \$3.50

FRANKLYN SNYDER

The Life of Robert Burns

Much new material and a thorough review of the facts already known are combined in this biography of Scotland's best loved poet. Illustrated. \$4.00

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

HENRY W. TAFT

Japan and America:

A Journey and a Survey

The pageantry of modern Japanese life, the social and political importance of modern Japanese statesmanship set forth by a distinguished American lawyer recently sent to Japan on a goodwill mission to discuss international problems. Timely and authoritative, the book is one of unique interest. \$3.00

PIERRE VIÉNOT

Is Germany Finished?

A Frenchman, long resident in Germany, examines the confusion there with the clarity peculiar to his race and a wealth of first hand information which only he could supply. \$1.50

HAROLD T. SCARBOROUGH

England Muddles Through

Post-war England seen by an American journalist whose eleven years in London as correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune have provided him with a deal of vivid copy. \$2.50

OWEN LATTIMORE

Manchuria:

Cradle of Conflict

At last—a history of Manchuria, focal point of world interest. The author is a daring explorer and a masterly writer whose earlier books, "The Desert Road to Turkestan" and "High Tartary," have established him among the first of contemporary authorities on the Far East. \$3.00

FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

Who Are Those French?

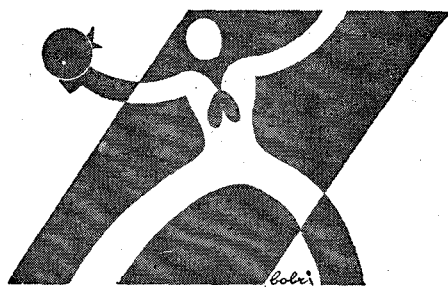
A scintillating study of French civilization by a German who believes that only in France can one live happily. The French title of the book is "Dieu, est-il Français?" \$2.50

KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK

Germany's Road to Ruin

Written with the personal co-operation of the ex-Kaiser, this intimate account of German politics covers the period 1890-1905 and continues Herr Nowak's "Kaiser and Chancellor." \$3.50

At your bookstore



THE CRUISE TO ALL EUROPE

MEDITERRANEAN AND NORWAY

A genuine travel bargain . . . low rate covers all expenses on ship and shore, hotels, guides, etc.

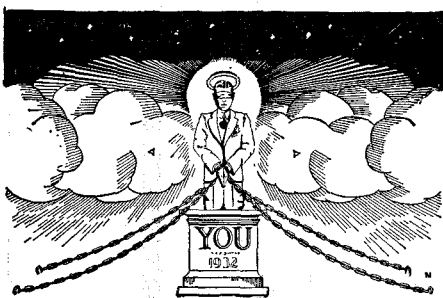
12 COUNTRIES . . . 54 DAYS

Visiting Madeira, Spain, Algeria, Italy, Monaco, Holland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, France.

S.S. LANCASTRIA . . . From N.Y.

JULY 2nd \$590 up

Your Local Agent or



ARE YOU AN . . . ENSLAVED GOD?

Are You Blinded to the Truth?

Are all the world's benefits just beyond your reach? Are you held fast to one position in life, one line of work, one narrow margin of income? Is the great cry of the "SELF WITHIN" for freedom and personal power, choked into stillness by your limitations?

A NEW FREE BOOK

Come, lay your biases, doubt, and hesitancy aside! Learn the truth of YOUR POSSIBILITIES as soon as you free the inner self from its prison. Out of the grateful hearts of thousands in many lands have been set aside funds to pay for the printing and mailing of a strange message of Hope and Help. The Rosierucians, a practical brotherhood of learning and instruction, will see that this book is sent you. It is called the "Light of Egypt," and it tells how the secrets of Nature and of man's mind have been preserved since the days of Egypt's great power—and HOW YOU, in the privacy of your home, may study these simple laws to OVERTHROW OBSTACLES IN LIFE, widen your circle of personal power and COMMAND A REALIZATION OF YOUR DESIRES. Address the Librarian below and get a copy of this book at once if you are really sincere in your request.

Librarian C. U. I.

**ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
(AMORC)**

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

(Perpetuating the original Rosierucian Teachings)

If you want to subscribe to the Outlook use coupon on back page.

misery,—told with great narrative power in direct and simple prose. *Blueberry Pie*⁵, by Thyra Samter Winslow, contains, like her previous books, stories of women, rather ordinary women, most of them, yet presented with so much understanding that the more ordinary they are the more interesting they appear to us. *The Intercessor*⁶ is another group of uncanny stories by May Sinclair, though not as good as the former volume. Here are two men who exchange memories, a man who lives his life over, a man who stays under his mother's domination even in heaven, and two ghosts. Rather slight stories, all of them, yet written with Miss Sinclair's unfailing sureness of touch. The fourth volume of short stories is Hugh Wiley's *The Copper Mask*⁵, swell tales of love and revenge, Tong feuds and opium smuggling among the California Chinese. Mr. Wiley understands the inscrutable Oriental well enough to strip him for us of his inscrutability without sacrificing his Oriental flavor, and to show him convincingly in violent action. For there is plenty of action, and plenty of mystery and intrigue, and even quite a lot of blood in these stories.

Whimsicality bounds freely through the pages of Rachel Ferguson's *The Brontes Went to Woolworth's*⁷, which seemed to us very amusing and will no doubt seem to many people very silly. Some of it seemed silly to us. It tells of Mrs. Carne and her three daughters who had an elaborate game of family make-believe, in which they selected a certain well-known judge and constructed a family and a character for him. When they finally met him, the clash between the facts and their fantasies, complicated by the ghosts of the Brontes, creates some amusing situations. Some of it, we admit, seemed very silly to us. But we'd rather read it three times than plough through Vina Delmar's dull *Women Live Too Long*⁸, a perfectly competent but entirely uninspired novel of marriage and the theatre, or Sylvia Thompson's light and sometimes entertaining *Summer's Night*⁹, a story of the triangle built up by intellectual Charles and pleasure-loving Jasmin, with the help of Evan Campbell, in modern England.

Stupid and dull enough are most of the people in Anne Parrish's *Loads of Love*¹⁰, and dreadful things they do to one another, but their conversation is so characteristic and their unpleasantness is so little insisted on, that you read of them with pleasure. Bessie, kind and vulgar, wants to help everybody. And succeeds in bringing together Katherine and

James and then wrecking their lives. Bessie is the cow in the china shop, and her antics fill us with laughter.

None too cheerful, though sincere and truthful, is Warren Spencer's *Forever and Ever*¹¹, whose title might better have been *The Perfect Wife*, for Jim Norton, though a faithful husband and earning a decent living, appears to agree with his poisonously perfect Constance that she is too good for him. The author is a pseudonymously masked magazine editor.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, D. H. Lawrence and James Branch Cabell are all represented this month, but certainly not by their best work. Huxley's *Brave New World*¹² shows the Model T Utopia which is to supersede our present civilization. In it parenthood is abolished, children are born in bottles and brought up in batches in the immense hatcheries and conditioning centers, where their minds are molded to conform exactly to the happy, emotionless existence in a standardized world. Passion, originality, individuality have been suggested out of existence. Ford has taken the place of God. And into all this comes a savage from one of the reservations which have not been thought worth civilizing. He has a mother, he falls in love, he tries to live his own life—and of course is driven to suicide. As a whole, the book is immensely clever satire, pointing a warning finger at the future of industrialism, and leaving you with the conviction that Utopias, of whatever kind, are to be avoided rather than sought for. But in parts it will irritate you, for there are certain burlesque touches of overstrained satire—the insistence on Ford, for instance—where Mr. Huxley has become merely silly.

To mark the completion—in eighteen volumes—of the annals of Poictesme and Dom Manuel, Mr. James Branch Cabell has decapitated himself and become, in his new book, Branch Cabell. *These Restless Heads*¹³, a series of somewhat connected essays, the most interesting of which deal with his own life and aims, contain a certain amount of wisdom, but embroidered, befuddled and smothered in too highly polished Cabellian phrases. Our objection to Cabell is that, while pretending to take himself lightly, he really takes himself with incredibly profound gravity and respect. Sometimes he really awes himself a little—though of course he conceals it with a certain mannered flippancy. This sort of false modesty engenders in our bosom a slight queasiness, which nowadays seems to accompany us through all his pages. We can enjoy his mannerisms when he has

5. Knopf, \$2.50.
6. Macmillan, \$1.50.
7. Dutton, \$2.50.
8. Harcourt, \$2.00.
9. Little Brown, \$2.50.
10. Harpers, \$2.50.

11. King, \$2.00.
12. Doubleday, \$2.50.
13. McBride, \$2.50.

something to say; he can say things charmingly; but when he begins to posture, imitating himself, we must ask to be excused.

We should, perhaps, say nothing about *Apocalypse*¹⁴, the posthumous *the D. H. Lawrence* book, since we were not able to read it. We tried, but we have never liked Lawrence. His sincerity seems unquestionable, but there is a certain what we can only call squishiness, less of the style than of the emotion behind it, that always made us close his books after the first few chapters. *Apocalypse* is Lawrence's interpretation of the Book of Revelations, an account of his escape from the dreadful spell in which its savage imagery bound his childhood, and a further groping toward mysticism.

An attempt to build some sort of new morality and religion on the foundation of modern science is made by John Langdon-Davies in *Man Comes of Age*¹⁵. He first recapitulates modern scientific theories of time, space, matter, life and personality, then shows them incompatible with the ideas on which we base our behavior. All these ideas are make-believe anyway, but Mr. Langdon-Davies wants them to be at least consistent, since presumably man will thus suffer less when he comes in contact with reality. This is an interesting and suggestive book, but it didn't get us anywhere much.

A totally different viewpoint, and one whose source is unquestionably scientific, is set forth in Sir Oliver Lodge's autobiography, *Past Years*¹⁶. It is a book without any particular charm, and many of the scientific passages were much too intricate for us, but it tells clearly, and without any of the sentimentalism or illogicality of which Sir Oliver has unfortunately so often been accused, the steps which led him to a belief in a form of spiritualism. Taken with *A Primer of Psychical Research*¹⁷, by Hereward Carrington, who has been a student of the subject for thirty years, it will give you some sort of a sane idea of the work that has been carried on for nearly half a century in a field shunned by orthodox science.

ONLY three of this month's books touch on the war, two of them indirectly. The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia has written his reminiscences in *Once a Grand Duke*¹⁸. This book will probably have considerable popularity, for it swings through sixty years of Russian history and is written with much charm and without bitterness. The Grand Duke had a pretty good time, his home life was happy, and though he was

14. Viking, \$3.00.

15. Harpers, \$3.50.

16. Scribners, \$3.50.

17. Washburn, \$1.00.

18. Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.50.

A New Book of Poems by
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
Author of "Mothers and Men"

HARVEST OF TIME

"Poetry by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer is certain never to disappoint. There is a very sure touch to what he does, and there is impressive sincerity of thought. 'Harvest of Time' is just the sort of welcome poetry many a reader looks for in vain. In these pages Mr. Pulsifer brings both light and sweetness without, happily, being either over-emotional or mawkish."—*New York Times*.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

\$1.50 at all bookstores

"Heaven and Hell"

With a sketch of Swedenborg's life

The most interesting of the profound writings of SWEDENBORG the renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist. 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of

5¢

Write for complete list of publications
SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION
INC.
Room 1231 18 East 41st St., New York



"My Father's Rupture Appliance Was Kept by 3,000,000 People AFTER 10 Days Free Trial"—Harold Brooks



C. E. Brooks invented his remarkable "Air-Cushion" Appliance 31 years ago. It brought him safety, comfort and the results he had long desired. Today more than 3 million men, women and children have purchased a Brooks after first trying it at home for 10 days. The trial cost them nothing and the same 10-day Free Trial is yours for the asking. You owe it to yourself to Write Now for Free Trial details, also Free Brochure, both sent in plain, sealed envelope. Act Now!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
C. E. Brooks, Inventor 371 State Street, Marshall, Mich.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

PERSONS qualifying for membership in this Society may read without buying, rare, scarce, out of print books, limited and privately printed editions, unabridged translations and current esoteric items. When writing for information please state occupation or profession.

ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY

15-17 East 45th Street, New York City

EUROPE \$308

5 COUNTRIES—ALL EXPENSES
See Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France. Steamship fare, rail and motor travel in Europe, hotels, meals, sightseeing included. Ask for book of 200 tours. 70 days, 9 countries, 6,000 miles by motor, \$860.
THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
521 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK 180 N. Michigan, CHICAGO

33 days
EUROPE
\$255

23,000 SATISFIED
CLIENTS

Foremost Student Tours: 250 all expense tours, 26 to 93 Days, \$235 to \$690: Small parties. First class Hotels. More motor travel. New Tourist Cabin. Organized Entertainment. Send for booklet.
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

- If you want to get a realistic, slightly hard-boiled covering of contemporary events read the Outlook. It's written for intelligent men and women who want to keep posted on domestic and foreign affairs. For convenience use the coupon on page 200.

helpless to avert the catastrophe that he foresaw he met it philosophically. One feels that had he been Czar, Russian history today might have shown us a different face.

The second war book is Paul Cohen-Portheim's *Time Stood Still*¹⁹, an account of the vicious monotony of life in a British detention camp. The author, a cultured Jew, shows us the disintegration of character among men herded together without privacy, without occupation and with insufficient food.

The third war book is Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's *Foch, the Man of Orleans*²⁰, a well written and carefully documented biography in which the author seeks to show that Foch's strength was of character rather than of intellect.

THE biographers continue to overwork their typewriters, but we need mention only one or two of their productions. In *The Story of My Life*²¹ Clarence Darrow, even though you may disagree with his ideas, enlists your sympathy in the causes of the various underdogs whom he has championed. He writes well—simply and with humor. Denis Tilden Lynch's *Grover Cleveland*²² is a sound, comprehensive and readable biography of one of the less spectacular of our great men. *This Democratic Roosevelt*²³, subtitled *The Life Story of "F. D.," An Authentic Biography*, should have one more subtitle: *A Child's Life of Roosevelt*. This, the second biography of the Presidential candidate, is even more sketchy than the first, by Ernest K. Lindley. We look forward to the day when some one will try to get at this Roosevelt with something more than a camera. With a thorough knowledge of his subject and a fine critical sense, but in a rather dry and charmless style, Henry W. Nevins has written for the centenary of the poet's death a fine study of *Goethe: Man and Poet*²⁴.

Another book that may also probably be classed as biography is *Black Elk Speaks*²⁵, the life story of a holy man of the Ogalala Sioux, written by John G. Neihardt, whose *Song of Hugh Glass* and other long poems of the West should be familiar to you. We have not space to comment on this book as we should like to. Mr. Neihardt spent a long time on the reservation with Black Elk, taking down the story. It is about as near as you can get to seeing life and death, war and religion, through an Indian's eyes.

Walter Lippmann, collaborating with William O. Scroggs, has written *The*

*United States in World Affairs: An Account of American Foreign Relations, 1931*²⁶. Lippmann's name spells lucidity, that of Scroggs facts and figures. They have succeeded in their plan to build "a bridge between the past as recorded and interpreted by historians and the present as recorded and interpreted in newspapers, official documents" and so on.

Hans von Eckardt's *Russia*²⁷ is the story of modern Russia traced from the beginning of Russian history, a book for both expert and layman, packed with detailed information and yet absorbingly interesting. In dealing with contemporary Russia, the author declares that Stalin's only achievement likely to prove of permanent value is his creation of Russia as a federal union of autonomous states and that the success of Stalin's other projects will depend on the ability of the Russian people to continue to endure suffering which throughout the last thirteen years has already proved almost past enduring.

A GROUP of books that have nothing in common except that we enjoyed them may as well be brought to your attention at this point. There's *Limburger Lyrics*²⁸, a book of the cleverest light verse we have ever read, but written in a dialect which you must understand German to appreciate, since it is the sort of language that German-Americans speak when they think they're speaking German. There is *The Saginaw Paul Bunyan*²⁹, by James Stevens, being further additions to the great saga of the lumber camps. There is *The Omnibus Book of Travellers' Tales*³⁰, excerpts from the stories of great explorers from Herodotus to Capt. Scott. There is *Señor Bum in the Jungle*³¹, by Algo Sand, hair-raising adventures of a penniless young American who traveled up the Orinoco, crossed to the Rio Negro and came out by the Amazon. And there is *The Robin Hood of El Dorado*³², the history of Joaquin Murrieta, California bad man of the fifties, written by Walter Noble Burns, who wrote *Billy the Kid*. And lastly a small volume described as a "cookery notebook"—*Lovely Food*³³, which contains a score of menus, a hundred or more recipes and suggestions for serving, for preparing food for teas, picnics and suppers, and even for hiring cooks. Most of the recipes are simple enough for the average competent cook, but at the end are sixteen recipes of the specialties of various smart London restaurants. WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 187)

the corners of her sensitive mouth. It is as though Sonja were having her little joke on the audience—"It's really very easy, see?"

Sonja is shepherded by Papa and Mama Henie after the most punctilious Oslo fashion. Indeed she was too well chaperoned for the peace of mind of many susceptible young Americans who came to marvel at bobsleds whizzing around a turn and remained to gaze rapturously at Miss Henie as she executed a Lutz pirouette or a Salchow spin. They wouldn't have cared if she had lost her equilibrium as long as she fell in their direction. In Sonja's ingenuous face you will find an appealing wistfulness difficult to capture in type.

Wherever Sonja goes, Papa and Mama tag along—yes, even to a speak-easy! The Queen of the Ice Carnival appeared in person at the "Cellar A. C." (the one oasis in a bone-dry town) after her figure-skating triumph. This snug hangout, in the basement of a hotel, served as a rendezvous for newspaper writers—ever a depraved breed—Olympic athletes bent on relaxing—and thirsty visitors.

The hardy Norsemen who spent their days pushing skis across a snow-covered landscape have no scruples about spending their evenings pushing ale or hot toddies down their gullets. At Lake Placid you could find most of the Scandinavian ski-jumpers at the "Cellar A.C." every evening. Ditto for the Americans and Canadians when their skating chores were completed. A winter sports competitor needs a stimulant now and then.

If you think figure skating is essentially a woman's game you never saw Karl Shafer of Austria sweep from a Rittberger spin into a Euler swirl and finish with an aerial somersault known as the Karlsprung. Men are better than women at everything which requires creative artistry. Male figure skaters are more graceful, have a freer feeling of rhythm and a more sensitive touch. Even in phases of athletics or industry which stress subtle shadings, delicate nuances, and a daintiness supposedly feminine, the male excels. That may not sound chivalrous, but it's the cold truth.

GEORGE TREVOR.



19. Dutton, \$3.00.

20. Little, Brown, \$4.00.

21. Scribners, \$3.50.

22. Liveright, \$3.50.

23. Dutton, \$2.50.

24. Harcourt, \$2.75.

25. Morrow, \$3.75.

26. Harpers, \$3.00.

27. Knopf, \$7.00.

28. By K. M. S. Covici, \$1.75.

29. Knopf, \$2.50.

30. Brentano, \$3.00.

31. McBride, \$3.50.

32. Coward McCann, \$2.50.

33. Random House, \$2.00.

▷▷ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◁◁



A METHOD of escaping from the depression has been revealed to us. It seems that Wanamaker's is selling all sorts of frozen meats, fish, fruits and vegetables. A gent named Birdseye discovered how to freeze them so they'd keep for months. While fishing in the Arctic he noticed that the fish froze as soon as they were taken from the water, but that upon being thrown into a bucket of warm water they not only thawed, but actually returned to life. So he got busy and picked peas and oysters and strawberries and things like that and sells 'em now at Wanamaker's. Though they may have been frozen for months, they taste just like the fresh article once they are thawed. But here's the point. Those fish came back to life. Why wouldn't a person do the same thing? Why couldn't you engage a room in a cold storage plant, then arrange with your bank or trust company to take you down to the refrigerating plant, get you frozen, put you in storage, and then, say when Steel gets back to 100, go down and get you and throw you into a tub of hot water? Not much danger in it. If the plant burns down, you thaw and escape. Of course you wouldn't want to be moved around a lot or they might break off an arm or a nose. No, we're serious about this. We believe it's a perfectly workable scheme. And if a lot of people did it, it would give the bankers a *raison d'être*, too.

▷▷ FOR the college room or the hall bedroom there is a sort of wooden case into which one can fit a wardrobe trunk, open, so that it becomes a wardrobe. The case itself is a good looking piece of furniture with double doors, and can be had in sizes to fit any trunk. Another similar contrivance is a handsome cabinet that contains electric refrigerator and kitchenette.

▷▷ IF YOU'RE the owner of a movie camera and have had a lot of trouble trying to string together the pictures you took of Junior at Commencement, of the Sanitary Engineers' convention at Palo Alto, and of Christmas at Grandma's, into a connected sequence that you could show to reluctant friends, take or send them to Bloomingdale's, whose expert scenarists will arrange, plot, cut and cap-

tion them into a regular story. Probably as good as most of the regular movies, at that.

Full information about any article described in this column—in this, or past issues—will be furnished gladly. Just drop us a postcard.

▷▷ IF MOTOR horns shriek, trucks rumble, children yelp, cats yowl and cut-outs explode just outside your bedroom or office windows, and if all these various bellows, screeches, clangs and detonations beat upon your wearied tympani so that you can neither sleep nor work, why not have a Maxim-Campbell Silencer installed in your window? It fits any standard-size window, and needs only to be attached to an electric plug to be ready for operation. It cuts off all the street noises, and at the same time provides a constant supply of air for proper ventila-

tion,—filtered air, from which dust and dirt have been removed. A rheostat on the motor controls the amount of ventilation.

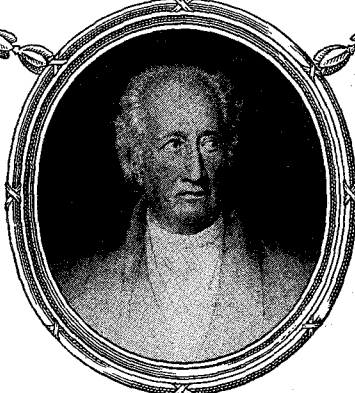
▷▷ IF THE toothpaste tube shows a tendency to hide under the bathtub or in other out-of-the-way places when you want it most, get one of those holders (you can also use them for tubes of shaving cream) that fasten to the wall. It comes in white, black, blue, green and yellow enamel, and has a little handle that you turn to get enough paste.

▷▷ AN EXCELLENT fire detector that isn't too expensive to install in your cellar, garage or attic is a gong with electric connection which begins to clang ferociously when the temperature reaches 130 degrees. It uses no current until 130 degrees is reached. And it can be installed inside a partition, so that it won't be in sight.

W. R. BROOKS.

1832-1932

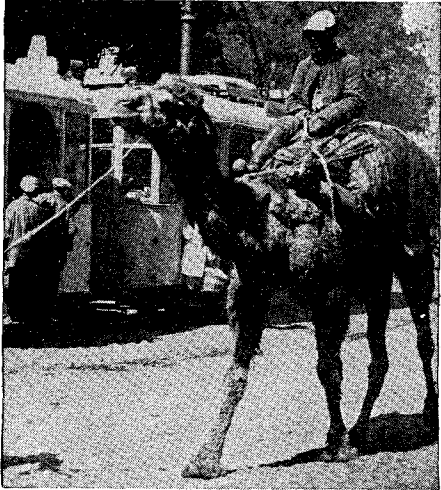
Goethe Centennial in Germany



The world of arts and letters gathers at the shrines of Goethe in Germany this year. To mark the 100th anniversary of his passing, the poet's native land pays tribute to the greatest mind of two centuries by the celebration, from March to September, of richly dowered festivals throughout the country. Here, in beautiful Germany, you will be welcomed as an honored guest at these festivals. An added enrichment of your travels will be the manifold treasures of German modern life: art and music; museums and cathedrals; castles and old-world villages. Booklet No. 23 on the Goethe Centennial will gladly be sent.

German Tourist Information Office

665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Turkestan

New Social Horizons in The Soviet Union

Paths are smoothed for the visitor, who may travel in comfort and at moderate expense in a land as rich in art and culture as it is provocative and interesting in new forms of social life and industrial achievement. You may prefer to "specialize" in one city or section; or perhaps "distribute" your observations of a country with 200 distinct nationalities speaking 165 different languages.

You choose your own climate: the Arctic Circle; the "Southern California" climate of the Crimea and Caucasus; temperate Moscow and Leningrad; tropical Oriental cities and caravan routes of Old Turkestan. The ballet, theatre, operas, museums, art exhibitions, Byzantine treasures, medieval architecture . . . The social work, women's clubs, new industries, collective farms, schools, scientific institutes, "Children's Villages," communal activities. All stand open to your inspection. By all means bring your camera and notebook.

Join a group or go it alone. INTOURIST, the State Travel Bureau, provides everything—hotels, meals, all transportation, Soviet visa, theatre tickets—at ten to twenty dollars a day.

Special tours of unusual interest: Arctic ice-breaker cruise; de luxe express to Turkestan; tour to grand opening of Dnieprostroy Dam; Industrial Tours; Round the World in Sixty Days via the Trans-Siberian Express.

Write for General Booklet LD3, INTOURIST, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York. 304 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago. 756 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Or see your own travel agent.

TRAVEL IN SOVIET RUSSIA



LIVE in FRENCH



Residential Summer School (co-educational) June 25-July 31 — only French spoken. Fee \$140 inclusive—Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced. Write for circular to Secretary, Residential French Summer School.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

B-32

Montreal, Canada

OUTLOOK READERS' SERVICE

120 EAST 16th STREET

NEW YORK

Our Readers' Service is equipped and ready to give you any information about books that you need, and to help you get any book you may want. We will tell you where to get books or will get them for you, and in addition we will be glad to answer inquiries of any kind about books on any subject.

►► Notable Music ◀◀

Gershwin's "Second Rhapsody" and "Robin Hood"

IN ITS programs of this month the Boston Symphony Orchestra included George Gershwin's well advertised "Second Rhapsody" for piano and orchestra, with the composer officiating at the keyboard. Mr. Gershwin had made himself somewhat of a reputation in the field of serious music by his "Rhapsody in Blue," widely heralded some years ago as the apotheosis of jazz. Well-made and decidedly melodious, this piece enjoyed a not undeserved vogue which is now, however, somewhat on the wane owing, partly, to a certain lack of musical solidity,—partly, also, to the fact that jazz, as a rhythm, is showing signs of losing its hold, except for dance purposes. From the purely musical viewpoint, the germs of its decay lie in its inherent monotony and lack of variety; its narrow possibilities have now probably been well-nigh exhausted.

Mr. Gershwin's new *Rhapsody* must be termed disappointing in all respects. Almost totally devoid of ingratiating melodic material, it offers us nothing but rhythms now grown trite, and a reasonably clever though blatant orchestration in which old combinations are warmed over with only a fair degree of success. Imbued with the desire to be in the modernistic "swim," Mr. Gershwin has inevitably had recourse to the "mechanistic age" ju-ju, which constitutes the idol and heart's darling of the modern gentlemen who indulge in what they are pleased to call "composition." So he begins with a "rivet" motive, consisting of the percussive iteration of a single note. This "motive," while possibly reminiscent of a riveting machine, does not, unhappily, share the constructive capabilities of its original. There is, nevertheless, a moment in the piece when a melodious phrase shows its head, swimming desperately in the swirling current of syncopation, in which it is all too speedily submerged. Otherwise the *Rhapsody* is a mere hash of conventional jazz rhythms and harmonies. Mr. Gershwin played the piano in humdrum style,—with the accent on the last syllable.

The old-timers were given much real enjoyment by Mr. Milton Aborn's revival of Reginald de Koven's *Robin Hood*. The writer spent an altogether delightful evening, and was glad to observe that few of the younger generation seemed indifferent to the genuine charm of this almost unique American contribu-



tion to the literature of fine light opera. *The Serenade* of Victor Herbert,—the nearest approach to it,—has not shown nearly as great a vitality. The libretto of *Robin Hood* still remains a good one. The music has a light touch, variety and melodic material of

real distinction, and—a very rare quality—it creates an atmosphere entirely appropriate to its subject. *O Promise Me*, once the most hackneyed of all ballads, seemed a gem of loveliness when compared with the "torch songs" which are being ground out in thousands by the music factories of today.

The work was excellently sung, mostly by young singers agreeable to contemplate and vocally well-equipped, who gave a performance of satisfying freshness and gusto.

Let us note that the audience took full advantage of the opportunity to register its sentiments with regard to the "Noble Experiment," by compelling four encores of that old favorite, *Brown October Ale*.

Mr. Aborn deserves the highest praise for the discrimination and quality of his revivals in a field of music meriting a much greater popularity with modern audiences. It is pleasant to chronicle that the attendance at these performances has been good.

ACCORDING to announcements, March and April will each be notable for a significant musical event. In March the Oratorio Society is to perform Edward Elgar's oratorio, *The Dream of Gerontius*. This great choral masterpiece has suffered from many years of inexcusable neglect. In April the Philadelphia Orchestra and the League of Composers will sponsor the American *première* of Schönberg's monumental *Gurre-Lieder*, a dramatic cantata for soli, chorus and orchestra, to be led by Mr. Stokowski. Taxing to the utmost the immense vocal and orchestral resources required for its rendition, this work is in Schönberg's earlier style: composed immediately after his fine sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*; that is to say, before he had abandoned music for mathematics. Despite the probable sneers of our self-appointed elect, the work will bring its message to many of us who are following a broader artistic creed.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

From the Life

Her Feelings

DARKNESS had settled down upon the business of the city hours ago and streets that had been noisy and honest with daylight now lurked and echoed in the shadows. Only an occasional furtive voice separated the shadow of a closed doorway from the three figures embracing it; three figures that seemed content enough to be away from the edge of light that splayed and splashed into the street from the high windows opposite.

For the furniture business on the impetus of January sales was running head-long into the night. Fashions may come and go, the bright atmosphere informed the darkness but homes go on forever. The great truth was illuminated by a complete living-room in the front show window on the right. A large divan spread its arms invitingly in front of a glittering electric fire. A smoking-stand stood carelessly nearby; above it hung a reading lamp. On the far back wall shone a brightly polished secretary desk, its dark shelves holding a few tasteful ornaments. A cane and gumwood rocking chair, turned slightly from the street, faced the immaculate room, faced, too, the sectional book-shelves that stood beside the temporary mantel-shelf. The book-shelves were filled with books (or at least with a strip of pasteboard that at a slight distance appeared to be books) and on the mantel was a clock—not ticking, but by the help of Mr. Edison, telling the true time.

On the left of the store's doorway an American bedroom bared itself to the public gaze. It was not a seductive bedroom, it was in no sense a boudoir, but it was right. One knew what articles of clothing belonged in each drawer of the low wide chest, how many (and of what brand) collars in the top right-hand drawer of the narrow high one. One saw the face—pleasant and hard-eyed—that must gaze out from the quick-silver depths of the bevelled mirror. Twin beds, of decorated walnut and advertised for sleeping, shared a small night table large enough to hold a watch, perhaps, and a small book. The shaded lamp intimated that if in spite of inner springs you could not sleep, then you might read. A dressing-table with a hard, backless bench in front of it, a straight chair or so, suggesting folded clothes and empty shoes, and a bold rug in imitation of the oriental, underscored the realistic picture of home. In the dim background of the store were the vague outlines of a dining-room; beyond, the perfect kitchen could be seen in the mind's eye. Upstairs, sur-

\$250 a Month for Life!

The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan

THIS new Retirement Income Plan enables you to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of \$100, \$250, \$300 or more.

Suppose you want to retire at 60 on \$250 a month. You make sure of: 1. An income of \$250 a month for yourself, beginning at age 60 and lasting the rest of your life. 2. A life income for your wife if you die before age 60. 3. A monthly income for yourself if, before age 55, serious illness or accident stops your earning power for good.

A Retirement Income may be paid for in monthly installments. It goes into effect the minute you pay your first installment. Even if you should become totally disabled you would not need to worry, because your in-

stallments would be paid by us. And you would be paid a disability income besides.

No wonder more than 25,000 people have already adopted this new Plan. It offers the most complete possible freedom from money worries. The Plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 80-year-old company with \$600,000,000 of insurance in force.

Other benefits which may be included are: Money to leave your home clear of debt. Money to send your son to college. Money for emergencies. Money for special needs.

An illustrated 24-page free booklet fully explains this new Retirement Income Plan. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy today.



You can enjoy six months' vacation twice a year with a Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income.



The Phoenix Mutual Plan enables you to say good-bye to money worries for good.



No wonder people with Retirement Incomes live longer. No work. No worries.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 683 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan."

Name _____ Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

Copyright 1932, P. M. L. I. Co.

“Sleeping Neglection Doth Betray To Loss”

The modern banker is by no means asleep, but owing to the general condition of business he has adopted a policy of watchful waiting that will just as surely betray him to the destructive forces of pessimism.

Advertising, the stalwart elder son of publicity, aided materially in the building of great financial institutions. This same force, properly directed through suitable media, should now be employed to maintain the stability of existing institutions. The public mind **MUST** be disabused of groundless fears.

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

“Since 1900”

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Eastern Representative P. A. Broderick & Co.
210 East 43rd St., New York

rounded by stock, one would be certain to find the nursery. All that was needed in these rooms were two people; and, as if the rooms had conjured them up from darkness, two people floated suddenly into the light and came to rest within the eddy of the plate-glass windows.

The shadow of the darkened doorway across the street heaved and became articulate.

“Hell!”

“They’re goin’ in,” growled a second shadow. “That lets me out.”

“The hell it does!” remarked the third.

“Not with no dame around,” protested the second, “they got too many feelings.”

“Aw, they shut up easy,” said the third.

“An’ if they don’t,” broke in the first, “why ain’t he the bird to shut ’em?”

“Yeah?” complained the second. “Well, I learned how on accounta every dame I met up with havin’ more lung power than good sense.”

“Awright, awright,” said the first shadow soothingly, “we’ll take the job an’ you can keep her quiet. What d’ya want? A dozen wimmen layin’ around the cash register? In fi’ minutes an’ they’ll have the crowd in, like they did last time.”

“Yeah, an’ in ten minutes the cop here makes his round,” reminded the third.

“Well, I don’t like it,” said the second.

Nevertheless, the three shadows loosened themselves from the darkness and became three gunmen in a pool of light.

“No funny business,” said the first as they entered the furniture store.

“An’ you two over here,” warned the second, “set down easy on that sofa. An’ make it look as if we all was talking.” But he watched the woman sharply. She gave a gasp at first and threw her hand up over her face, turning her head as if about to scream.

But she didn’t scream. She and the man walked over to the davenport and sat down stiffly, side by side. The man

opened his mouth and licked his lips and, in a voice that sounded slightly cracked, began to talk. The gunman nodded, looking at the woman.

That was the hell of a woman, he thought. She never said a word. She never looked at him. She never made a sound. There she sat, staring at the floor and never opened her mouth.

“So as I was sayin’,” said the gunman in a manner that would look natural, he figured, from outside. “It’s a swell lot of furniture. It’s just the kinda furniture that the women likes. And buys,” he added, as he heard the boys opening the cash register in front of the dumbstruck clerk. (Was the woman scared of him, or was she going to faint? You never could tell which way their feelings was a gonta get ’em.) “Take this swell suit of furniture right here,” he went on.

“Yes, yes,” chatted the man on the davenport. “Oh! yes. Indeed.”

Well, that was that. The boys were close behind him now. Hell! What was the matter with her? Was she getting ready to let out a whoop? With a last look at the silent woman he slid through the door the other boys had opened and out upon the sidewalk. Three shadows, they turned and hurried up the street.

“Whaddye know?” complained the first shadow bitterly. “Ten babies! On’y ten babies—whaddye know?”

“Here comes the cop!” issued from the teeth of the third shadow and the darkness swallowed them.

But even at the crossing, the second shadow had to turn and look. That dame, never making a sound—

And in the flooded window he saw her head bent above her hands—jewels dropping from her mouth—one after another, flashing, catching the light—And the cop with his hand on the door-knob.

“Jeeze!” swore the second gun man under his breath. “These dames—the trouble is they got no feelings! The trouble is,” he kept telling himself as he vanished block by block, “they think more of their jewels—more of their jewels—than they’re scairt.”

IBBY HALL.



Tanya Craves a Ford

(Continued from Page 179)

man I met on the train, who did not belong to the Party but held a very good technical position. Party members' salaries are limited to 225 rubles a month, while this man claimed to receive a thousand a month. Twelve thousand rubles, he boasts; six thousand dollars, he hastens to add. He is the *presidente* of a *fabrik* that makes *kleb* (bread). He boasts of the many workmen under him, the machinery, etc., but most of his speech is of his fine apartment in the best quarter of Moscow, with six rooms, count them, six rooms for his family, so nice that all his friends come there to be with them. (In the workers' houses it is more apt to be six to a room.) And he has two cars from the government, a Packard for himself, a Buick for his wife. How he glows over that Packard and that Buick! A Party member? Oh, no, he is an expert and he rattles off a great list of incongruous things in which he is an expert. His manner indicates that he considers himself in the most favored position of all Russia. But the Polish woman with me snorts when I tell her about him.

"He lies," she declares fiercely, "of course he is a Communist."

TANYA is not a Young Communist, she belongs to Young Russia. Like the legendary virgins who cast themselves down as sacrifices before some pagan god, Tanya has cast herself into an industry that is very apt to destroy her. She does not eat enough, does not sleep enough, and she says there is something wrong with her heart. She works very hard and often must stay after hours to finish her work. She collects the money for the relief of political prisoners in other lands, she has frequent committee meetings at night, and in addition she is on the point of starting to school. Her establishment will pay for her.

She is proud to be sent to school by her establishment, although this means that in addition to working all day and missing her evening meal at home she will attend classes until nearly midnight and then have the trip home. She is not strong. I do not see how she can do so much. She dreads it a little herself, but she is glad also. The good times are coming. What does it matter?

She is one of the Shock Brigaders, which means that she cannot refuse any task that is assigned to her. In a factory members of the Shock Brigades have a red rag tied before their machines, and a card stating the quantity of production which they have agreed to maintain. Some of the Shock Brigaders have just

had trips to England. They are the front line troops in the industrial war. One of the little girl guides at the Intourist travel bureau explains that the Shock Brigade consists of those workers who are better than average. Already, she adds with naïve pride, we have eighty per cent of our workers in the Shock Brigade. Some unkind American with a passion for statistics asks how can this be, that eighty per cent are the best workers. He is met only with a troubled glance, as at one who knows no better than to be impious.

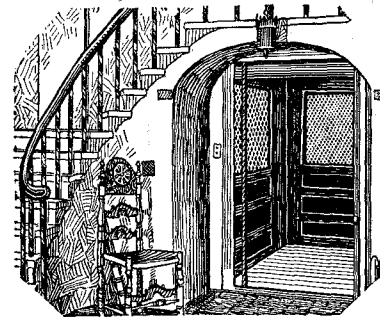
Tanya is very tired. I am exhausted from the chattering confusion. They have wondered how it is that a person from New York, which they say is the most exciting city in the world, can be so quiet. They think I should be noisier than they are, because New York is bigger than Moscow, but I cannot live up to them. Peter comes from the factory. It is one o'clock at night. He is very tired.

My room opens on the street. All the front is made of windows. I can see people passing and they can see me if they look in. The cat wanders in and out through the open window; the flies also. There are little potted plants on the window sill; there vines make a slender tracery against the light from the street. Anna has made the bed with care, with pillows to cover the broken springs. I cannot move or I will land on one of the springs, but the pillows are grateful to my weary body. This is Tanya's bed I am sleeping in. They have worried for fear they could not find any linen for it, but they have managed it. They are surprised that I do not carry bed linen with me.

Tanya has been quite rude when I tried to persuade her to remain with me, tried to find out where she will sleep. Later I find that she and the girl who is living with her are sleeping on the floor in the father's room. Anna and the child sleep on a sort of bed narrower than any army cot; they cannot move; the child lies in the air and against the wall and mutters and groans all night until Anna slips out in the morning and the child can settle down to sleep. I have often wondered why the Russians never go to bed; I grin as a spring cuts into me and think it must be the beds.

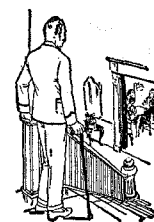
This is Tanya's bed, and here she sleeps with her friend, to get rested for the next day's heavy work. When I arise my body is stiff and aching, and there is pain across my eyelids because I so terribly crave more sleep. I breakfast with her, eating just what she eats, a piece of black bread with butter, a glass of hot

SEDGWICK INDIVIDUAL ELEVATOR



YOUR HEALTH COMES FIRST

Stair-climbing often is dangerous



You do not have to be an invalid in order to enjoy the benefits of a Sedgwick Individual Elevator. If you are of advanced age, stair climbing imposes a strain on the heart that is likely to lead to serious consequences, for climbing stairs calls for 10 times more exertion than walking.

Although the Sedgwick Individual Elevator is a practical necessity in the case of those so incapacitated that they cannot climb stairs, its use is equally important in the case of those who **SHOULD NOT** climb stairs.

If you are in doubt as to whether your physical condition indicates the use of this Elevator, consult your doctor. Very likely he is already acquainted with the Sedgwick Individual Elevator, for it is being recommended and used by numerous doctors.



Let us tell you all about this Elevator. You may be surprised to learn how readily it can be installed in almost any residence, how reasonable is the cost, and how conveniently it may be paid for. It can be operated with utmost safety by any one, and there is absolutely no expense for upkeep.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. Address Sedgwick Machine Works, 165 West 15th Street, New York. Established 1893. Agents in principal cities.

For those who cannot or SHOULD NOT climb stairs

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line (minimum 4 li.).
"Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word plus 25c
for box number. Material should be in this office 12th of month
preceding date of issue. For further information write:

OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

120 East 16th St.

NEW YORK CITY

HOTELS AND RESORTS . . .

MOUNTAIN VIEW FARM, DANBY, VT.
Now open for winter guests: steam heat and
all the comforts of home. Booklet.
Proprietor, N. P. DILLINGHAM.



BOSTON
FOR modern travelers
by air, rail or highway,
here's a cordial wel-
come and complete
hotel service. Wide var-
iety of restaurants.
Room with bath—single
\$3-\$5. Double \$4-\$8.
Garage service.

HOTEL LENOX
HOTEL BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. on either side of Copley Sq.
HOTEL BRADFORD
Tremont St. near Boston Common
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT

APARTMENTS . . .

**701 CHASTLETON HOTEL, WASHING-
TON, D. C.** 1701 Sixteenth St.—Private
5-room apt. Fully furnished. March 1 to
May 1—\$250 Monthly—References.

BOARD . . .

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A CHANGE
with sunshine, good food and comforts at
moderate rates? Try South Carolina. Refer-
ences. Box B 1, Outlook.

WANTED ELDERLY PERSON to make
happy in Florida home. Every convenience.
Climate delightful all year. Expenses
moderate. References. Mrs. Laura J. Meris,
1920 7th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, Fla.

CULTURED WOMAN with home in choice
section of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, desires
as paying guest semi-invalid or elderly
woman who will appreciate intellectual com-
panionship and considerate attention. Highest
references. Write Rev. Robert G. Armstrong,
South Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

HELP WANTED . . .

SINCERE salesmen wanted for fast-selling
item needed by every business and profession.
Liberal commission. Send dollar for samples
and information. No inquiries without remi-
tance answered. Money refunded if not sat-
isfied. Writer: Dietz Press, First & Cary,
Richmond, Va.

SITUATIONS WANTED . . .

WOMAN OF REFINEMENT desires position
as housekeeper in private home or large
establishment. Experienced, competent, tact-
ful. Can furnish exceptional reference as to
ability and character. Box A 128, Outlook
and Independent.

WOMAN EXPERIENCED in Hotel and Club
Work desires position as manager or assistant
manager of Apartment Hotel, Club or Res-
taurant. Can furnish highest references as
to executive ability, character and experience.
Box A 129, Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION OR HOSTESS. American
Gentlewoman, experienced social worker, ex-
cellent health, unencumbered, good traveller.
BOX A 130, Outlook and Independent.

SITUATIONS WANTED . . .

WOMAN OF CULTURE, wide travel, social
background, desires position with elderly
person or motherless home, where intelligent,
tactful management that makes it attractive,
peaceful and happy, is appreciated. Remuner-
ation secondary. Finest credentials. Box
A 93, Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG MAN, well educated and widely
traveled, will accept position as secretary or
tutor. Excellent references. Box B 4, Outlook.

COMPANION-SECRETARY to lady or
couple. Can travel. Box A 136, Outlook.

POSITION desired, as companion or house-
keeper, to elderly woman or invalid. Refer-
ences. Box B 5, Outlook.

YOUNG LADY desires position as com-
panion. Congenial, capable, experienced
traveller and driver. Box B 7, Outlook.

COMPANION OR SECRETARY, American
gentleman, experienced, excellent health,
unencumbered, splendid references, good
traveller. Box B 11, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS . . .

**YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT
YOU ARE BEST** fitted for. Alexander's
frank analysis of your handwriting unusual,
valuable. \$1.00. **DON ALEXANDER,** 140
East 34th St., New York City.

HERALDIC ARMS OF ANY FAMILY
traced, sketched and illuminated in correct
Heraldic colors, 7 x 10", for framing, \$2.00.
ALPHA HERALDIC BUREAU, Box 141,
Concord, New Hampshire.

YOUR HANDWRITING IS YOU! Hand-
writing reveals scientifically your character
and latent talents. Send \$1 for complete
personal individual analysis by expert graphol-
ogist, Benson Teitell, Box 61 D. Kew Gardens,
New York.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL . . .

Harris Tweed Direct from makers
Best Sports Material.
Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stenoway, Scotland

PRINTED STATIONERY

200 note sheets and 100 envs., each neatly
printed with your name and address, sent
postpaid for \$1.00. High quality. Correct
style. Try a box. **A. PETERSON,** 1661
Wimona St., Chicago, Ill.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter"
12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card.
25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

BOOKS . . .

CURIOUS BOOKS

The largest publishers of
PRIVATELY PRINTED literature in the
United States invite you to send for their free
catalogue of limited and unexpurgated editions
on Curiosa and Esoterica. **THE PANURGE**
EDITIONS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

READ YOUR BOOK or magazine in Solid
Comfort. New Ponten Reading Stand elimi-
nates eye and body strain. Ideal for chair
or bed. Thousands used daily. Only \$3.50
guaranteed. Write for descriptive circular.
O. W. PONTEN CO., Berkeley, Calif.

INSTRUCTION . . .

POSITIONS on Ocean Liners; Experience
unnecessary. List of positions free. **E.**
ARCULUS, P. O. Box 292, Mount Vernon,
N. Y.

KEEP POSTED only \$1.50 for a Year . . .

If you want to get a realistic, slightly hard-boiled covering of con-
temporary events read the Outlook. It's written for intelligent men
and women who want to keep posted on domestic and foreign affairs.

Outlook, 120 E. 16th St., New York City.

Gentlemen: I want to keep posted. Please send me Outlook for one year.

Here's my check ☐
Bill me ☐

Name

Address

City

tea with sugar, and before she eats again
I am reeling with weakness, hunger and
lack of sleep. What keeps her going?
She is so slight and young and pretty—
and old, too, in a queer and sometimes
startling way. She puzzles me. She is not
like any girl I have ever known; or
rather she seems as if she might have
been like many girls I have known, had
not some terrific force caught her and
put her into this new mold. What makes
this inner fire that drives her on?

I wonder about her, as we struggle to
get a street car or bus. Tanya looks out
brightly on the street, at the occasional,
very occasional private car. What keeps
her going, I wondered. It is, I come
to realize, a living faith in the imminence
of a new world. It is the effect of a
whole nation, or the greater part of it,
conjugating in the future tense. Her eyes
are not on the present; she scarcely
sees the tough meat at the hotel, scarcely
notices the filth about her own backyard,
scarcely thinks of her own fatigue. She
phrases the answer for me, in the terms
of her faith.

"In a year," declares Tanya, looking
out at the street, "everybody can have
a Ford."

This is not enough for her. Her eyes
shine. She smiles.

"In six months, I think, everybody
can have a Ford."

It would not do for me to challenge
her. In the presence of the devout there
is no place to mention impossibilities or
to draw attention to the amazing com-
plications and inefficiencies of the indus-
trial world in which she has put all her
faith. She believes because she must. It
is the essence of faith in any age. But
Tanya's god is a strange one. No people
have had this god before, only Eugene
O'Neill with his "Dynamo" and his
criticism of the machine-age. Tanya's
god is the god of all Russia today, of
all those who are looking forward. It is
the machine, the miraculous machine
that is going so soon to give them all
that they can desire. Tractors on the
farm, those adored tractors, and whir-
ring motors in the factory—these are
the living evidence of her god and of the
miracles he is going to perform.

In six months everybody can have
a Ford? Ah, Tanya, in six months I am
coming back, if I can manage it, to bring
you a nicer box of cheese! I am afraid
for you, my dear, afraid for the disap-
pointment that may come when you
know that the too boastful Five-Year
Plan will not be realized. You are the
living substance out of which the new
republic is being made; the cornerstone
that was rejected in other lands. But I
am afraid they have put you where you
must bear more than you can bear.